THE TRAGEDIE of PHILOTAS.

By SAM. DANIEL.

LONDON
Printed by *Melch. Bradwood*
for *Edw. Blount*.
1607.

Anni Flaminij Booke
1620

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

To the Prince.

TO you myſt hopefull Prince, not as you are,
But as you may be, do I giue theſe lines:
That when your iudgement ſhall arriue ſo farre,
As t'ouerlooke th'intricate deſignes
Of vncontented man: you may beholde
With what encounters greateſt fortunes cloſe,
What dangers, what attempts, what manifolde
Incumbrances ambition vndergoes:
How hardly men digeſt felicitie;
How to th' intemperat, to the prodigall,
To wantonneſſe, and vnto luxurie,
Many things want, but to ambition all.
And you ſhall finde the greateſt enemie
That man can haue, is his proſperitie.

Here ſhall you ſee how men diſguiſe their ends,
And plait bad courſes vnder pleaſing ſhewes,
How well preſumptions broken wayes defends,
Which cleere-eyed iudgement granely doth diſcloſe.
Here ſhall you ſee how th'eaſie multitude
Tranſported, take the parte of diſtreſſe;
And only out of paſſion doe ſimulate,
Not out of iudgement; of moſt practiſes,

How pow'rs at theyr't to wrong, that wrongs debar,
And kings not held in danger, though they are.
These ancient representments of times past
Tell vs that men haue, do, and alwayes runne
The selfe same line of action, and do cast
Their course alike, and nothing can be done,
Whil'st they, their ends, and nature are the same:
But will be wrought vpon the selfe-same frame.
This benefit, most noble Prince, doth yeeld
The sure records of books in which we finde
The tenure of our State, how it was held
By all our ancestours, and in what kinde
We holde the same, and likewise how in the end
This fraile possession of felicitie,
Shall to our late posteritie descend
By the same patent of like destinie.
In them we finde that nothing can accrew
To man, and his condition that is new.
And though you haue a Swannet of your owne,
Which on the banks of Douen meditates
Sweet notes for you, and vnto your renowne
The glory of his Musicke dedicates,
And in a lofti'st tune is set to sound
The deepe reports of sullen Tragedies:
Yet may the last of me be likewise found
Amongst the vowes that others sacrifice
Vnto the hope of you, that you one day
May grace this vow neglected harmonie,
Which set vnto your glorious actions, may

Record the same to all posteritie.
Though I the remnant of another time
Am never like to see that happinesse:
Yet for the Zeale that I have borne to rime,
And to the Muses wish that good successe
To others travell, that in better place,
And better comfort, they may be incheerd
Who shall deserve, and who shall have the grace,
To have a Muse held worthy to be heard.
And know, sweet Prince, when you shall come to
That is not in the pow'r of kings to raise (know,
A spirit for verse that is not borne thereto,
Nor are they borne in every Princes dayes
For late Eliza's reigne gave birth to more
Than all the Kings of England did before.
And it may be, the Genius of that time
Would learne to her the glory in that kind,
And that the utmost power of English rime
Should be within her pearlesse reigne confin'd:
For since that time our sonnes could never shrine,
But laine as if forlorne; though in the prime
Of this new rising season, we did strive
To bring the best we could into the time.
And I, although among the better traine,
And least of those that sung unto this Land,
Have borne my part, though in an humble straine,
And pleas'd the gentler that did understand:
And never had my harmlesse pen at all
Distain'd with any loose immodestie,

Nor ever noted to be touche with gall,
To aggravate the worſt mans infamy.
But ſtill have done the faireſt offices
To virtue and the time, yet naught prevailes,
And all our labours are without ſucceſſe,
For either favour or our virtue failes.
And therefore ſince I have out-liv'd the date
Of former grace, acceptance, and delight,
I would my lines late-borne beyond the fate
Of her ſpent time, had never come to light.
So had I not beene tax'd for wiſhing well,
Nor now miſtaken by the cenſuring ſtage
Nor, in my fame and reputation fell,
Which I eſteeme more than what all the age
Or th'earth can give. But yeres hath don this wrong,
To make me write too much, and live too long.
And yet I grieve for that vnfiniſht frame,
Which thou deare Muſe didſt vow to ſacrifice,
Vnto the bed of peace, and in the ſame
Deſigne our happineſſe to memorize,
Muſt, as it is, remaine, though as it is
It ſhall to after times relate my Zeale
To kings, and vnto right, to quietneſſe,
And to the vnion of the common-weale.
But this may now ſeeme a ſuperfluous vow,
We have this peace; and thou haſt ſung enow,
And more than will be heard, and then as good
As not to write, as not be vnderſtood.

SAM. DAN.

The Argvment.

PHILOTAS the sonne of *Parmenio*, was a man of great estimation among the Macedonians, and next vnto *Alexander* held to be the most valiant of the Greeks: patient of trauell, exceeding bountifull, and one that loued his men & friends better than any Noble-man of the Campe: but otherwise noted of vaine glorie and prodigalitie, insomuch as his father hauing notice of his carriage, warned him to make himselfe lesse than he was, to auoid the enuie of the Campe, & the dislike of the King, who grew suspicious of him in respect of the greatnesse of his father, and his owne popularitie, and by hauing intelligence of certeine vaunts of his vsed to *Antigona* a faire Curtizan borne in the citie of *Pidna*, with whom being in loue, he let fall many braue words & boasts of a souldier, to aduance his owne actions and his

Plutarch in the life of Alex.

fathers, terming *Alexander* at euerie word, The yoong man. Which speeches *Antigona* reuealing to a companion of hers, were at length brought to *Craterus*, who with the woman caried them to *Alexander*, wherby *Philotas* lay open to all the aduantages that might worke his ouerthrow: and in the end concealing a conspiracie (which was reuealed vnto him) intended against the king, was thereby suspected to haue beene a party in the plot: but brought before *Alexander*, he so defended himselfe, that he obteined his pardon for that time, supped with the king that night, and yet the next day, notwithstanding, was arraigned for the same fact, which he stoutly denying, was afterward put to torture, and then confest his treason. And indeed *Alexanders* drawing a pedegree from heauen with assuming the Persian magnificence, was the cause that withdrew many the hearts of the nobilitie and people from him, and by the confession of *Philotas* was that, which gaue a purpose to him and his father to haue subuerted the king assoone

Q. Curtius lib. 6.

as he had eſtabliſhed *Aſia*, and freed them from other feares, which being by *Epheſtion* and *Craterus*, two the moſt eſpeciall Counſellers of *Alexander*, gravely and prudently diſcerned, was proſecuted in that maner as became their neereneſſe and deareneſſe with their lord and maſter, and fitting to the ſafetie of the State, in the caſe of ſo great an aſpirer; who, no doubt, had he not beene preuented, (howſoeuer popularly in the armie it might be otherwiſe deemed) he had turned the courſe of gouernment vpon his father himſelfe, or els by his imbroilments made it a monſter of many heads, as it afterwards proued vpon the death of *Alexander*. The Chorus conſiſting of three Grecians, (as of three eſtates of a kingdome) and one Perſian, repreſenting the multitude and body of a people, who vulgarly according to their affections carried rather with compaſſion on great mens miſfortunes, than with the conſideration of the cauſe, frame their imaginations by that ſquare, and cenſure what is done.

The Names Of The Actours.

Pilotas.
Chalisthenes.
Alexander.
Ephestion.
Craterus.
Thais a Curtezan.
Antigona, sometimes one of the Concubines of *Darius.*
Statira.
Sysigambis.
Barsine.
Drypetis.
Three Graecians & a Persian.

THE TRAGEDIE OF *Philotas.*

ACTVS I.

Philotas. Chalisthenes.

Philotas reading his fathers Letter.

MAke thy selfe lesse *Philotas* than thou art,
What meanes my father thus to write to me?
Lesse than I am? In what? How can that be?
Must I be then set vnderneath my hart?
Shall I let goe the holde I haue of grace,
Gain'd with so hard aduentures of my blood,
And suffer others mount into my place,
And from below, looke vp to where I stood?
Shall I degrade th'opinion of my worth?
By putting off implo[illegible]ment; as vndoone
In spirit or grace: whil'st other men set forth
To get that start of action I haue woune?
As if such men as I, had any place,
To stay betwixt their ruine and their grace.
Can any goe beyond me, but they will
Goe ouer me, and trample on my state,
And make their fortune good vpon my ill,
Whil'st feare hath powre to wound me worse thē hate?

Chal. Philotas, you deceiue your selfe in this,

Your

Your father meanes not you should yeeld in place,
But in your popular dependences:
Your entertainements, gifts, and publike grace,
That doth ir-iealous Kings, distaste the peeres,
And makes you not the greater but in feares.
Phi. Alas, what popular dependences
Do I retaine? Can I shake off the zeale
Of such as do out of their kindnesse
Follow my fortunes in the Common-weale?
Cha. Indeed *Philotas* therein you say true:
They follow do your fortunes, and not you.
Phi. Yea, but I finde their loue to me sincere.
Cha. Euen such as to the Wolfe the Fox doth beare,
That visits him but to partake his pray,
And seeing his hopes deceiu'd, turnes to betray.
Phi. I know they would, if I in danger stood,
Runne into me, with hazzard of their blood.
Cha. Yea, like as men to burning houses run,
Not to lend aide, but to be lookers on.
Phi. But I with bountie and with gifts haue tide
Their hearts so fare, I know they will not slide.
Cha. Bountie and gifts lose more than they do finde,
Where many looke for good, few haue their minde;
Each thinks he merits more than that he hath;
And so gifts layd for loue do catch men wrath.
Phi. But many meerely out of loue attend.
Cha. Yea, those that loue and haue no other end.
Thinke you that men can loue you, when they know
You haue them not for friendship, but for show?
And as you are engag'd in your affaires,
And haue your ends, thinke likewise they haue theirs.
Phi But I do truly from my heart affect
Vertue and worth, where I doe finde it set:
Besides, my foes do force me in effect
To make my partie of opinion great.
And I must arme me thus against their scornes:
Men must be stout, that go among the thornes.

Cha.

Cbe. Ah, good *Philotas*, you your selfe beguile,
Tis not the way to quench the fire with oile:
The meeke and humble Lambe with small adoe
Sucks his owne dam, we see, and others too.
In Courts men longest live, and keepe their ranks,
By taking iniuries, and giuing thanks.

Phi. And is it so? Then neuer are these haires
Like to attaine that sober hew of grey,
I can not plaister and disguise m' affaires
In other colours than my heart doth lay,
Nor can I patiently endure this fond
And strange proceeding of authoritie,
That hath ingrost vp all into their hand
By idol-liuing feeble maiestie,
And impiously do labour all they can
To make the king forget he is a man.
Whil'st they diuide the spoiles, and pray of powre,
And none at all respect the publike good:
Those hands that guard and get vs what is our,
The Soldierie, ingag'd to vent their blood,
In worse case seeme than *Pallas* old-grow'n Moale
Th' Athenians fostred at their publike cost,
For these poore soules consum'd with endlesse toile,
Remaine neglected, hauing done their most,
And nothing shall be ng home of all these warres,
But emptie age and bodies charg'd with scarres.

Cbe. *Philotas*, all this publike care, I feare,
Is but some priuat touch of your dislike,
Who seeing your owne desiges not stand to square
With your desires, no others course like,
The griefe you take things are not ordred well,
Is, that you feele your selfe, I feare, not well;
But when your fortunes shall stand parabell
With those you enuie now, all will be well:
For you great men, I see, are neuer more,
Your ends attain'd, the same you were before.
You with a finger can point out the staines

Of

Of others errours now, and now condem
The traine of state, whil'st your desire remaines
Without. But once get in, you iumpe with them,
And interleague eye with iniquitie,
And with a like neglect do temporize
And only serue your owne commoditie:
Your fortune then viewes things with other eyes.
For either greatnesse doth transforme the hart
Int' other shapes of thoughts, or certainly
This vulgar honesty doth dwell apart
From pow'r, and is some priuate quality.
Or rather those faire parts which we esteeme
In such as you, are not the same they seeme:
You double with your selues or els with vs.
And therefore now, *Philotas*, euen as good
T'imbrace the times, as fwell, and do no good.

Phil. Alas, *Chalisthenes*, you yaue not layd
True leuell to my nature, but are wide
From what I am within: all you haue layd
Shall neuer make me of another side
Than that I am, and I do scorne to clime
By shaking hands with this vnworthy time.

Chal. The time, *Philotas*, then will breake thy necke.

Phil. They dare not, friend, my faith will keepe my (necke,
My seruice to the State hath cautioned
So surely for mine honour, as it shall
Make good the place my deeds haue purchased,
With danger, in the loue and harts of all.

Chal. Those seruices will serue as weights to change
And presse you vnto death, if your foot faile
Neuer so little vnderneath your charge,
And will be deem'd, done, for your owne auaile.
And who haue spirits to do the greatest good,
May do most hurt, if they remaine not good.

Ph. Tush: They cannot want my seruice in the State.

Ch. These times want not men to supply the State.

Ph. I feare not whil'st *Parmenios* forces stand.

Cha. Water farre off quenches not fire neere hand.
You may be faire dispatcht, ere he can heare,
Or if he heard, before he could be here.
And therefore doe not build vpon such sand,
It will deceiue your hopes; when all is done,
For though you were the Minion of the land,
If you breake out, be sure you are vndone.
When running with the current of the State,
Were you the weakest man of men alive,
And in conuentions and in counsell late,
And did but sleepe or nod, yet shall you thriue.
These mouse spirits are neuer fit to rise,
And tis a danger to be held so wise.

Phil. What call you running with the State? Shall I
Combine with those that do abuse the State?
Whose want of iudgement, wit and honesty,
I am asham'd to see, and seeing hate.

Ch. Tush, tush, my Lord thinke not of what were fit
The world is gouern'd more by forme, than wit.
He that will fret at Lords, and at the raine,
Is but a foole, and grieues himselfe in vaine,
Can not you great men suffer others to
Haue part in rule, but must haue all to do.
Now good my Lord conforme you to the rest,
Let not your wings be greater than your nest.

Ph. solus. See how these vain discoursiue Book-men
Out of those shadowes of their airie powers, (talke,
And do not see how much they must defalke
Of their accounts, to make them gree with ours.
They little know to what necessities
Our courses stand allied, or how we are
Ingag'd in reputation otherwise,
To be our selues in our particular.
They thinke we can command our hairs to lie
Out of their place: and still they preach to vs
Pack-bearing Patience, that base propertie,
And fillie gift of th'all enduring Ass.

Doe

But let them talke their fill, it is but winde,
I must saile by the compasse of my minde.

Enters a Messenger.

My lord, the king call's for you, come my lord away.

Phi. Well, then I know there's some new stratagem
In hand, to be consulted on to day,
That I am sent for, with such speed, to him,
Whose youth and fortune can not brooke delay.
But heere's a Sutor stands e'im; each my haste:
I would I had gone vp the priuie way,
Whereby we escape th'attending multitude,
Though, I confesse, that in humanity
'Tis better to denie, than to delude.

Enters Cebalinus.

My lord *Philotas*, I am come with newes
Of great importance, that concernes vs all,
And well hath my good fortune met with you,
Who best can heare, and best discharge my care.

Phi. Say what it is and pray thee friend be briefe.

Ceb. The case requires your patience, good my lord,
And therefore I must crave your eare a while.

Phi. I can not now be long from *Alexander*.

Ceb. Nor *Alexander* will be long with vs,
Vnlesse you heare: and therefore know, the newes
I bring concerns his life: and this is in:
There is one *Dymnus* heere within the campe,
Whose low estate, and high affections,
Seeme to haue thrust him into outragious wayes.
This man affecting one *Nicomachus*,
A youth, my brother, whom one day he allures
Into a Temple, where being both alone,
He breaks out in this sort: *Nicomachus*,
Sweet louely youth, ah, should I not impart
To thee the deepest secrets of my hart;
My hart that hath no locke shut against thee,

Would

Would let it out sometimes vnwares of me;
But as it issues from my faithfull loue,
So close it vp in thine, and keepe it fast.
Sweare to be secret, deare *Nicbomachus*,
Sweare by the sacred God-head of this place,
To keepe my counsell, and I will reueale
A matter of the greatest consequence
That euer man imparted to his friend.
Youth and desire drawen with a leue to know,
Swore to be secret, and to keepe it close.
Then *Dymnus* tels him, That within three dayes
There should b' effected a conspiracie
On *Alexanders* person, by his meanes
And diuers more of the Nobilitie,
To free their labours, and redeeme them home.
Which when *Nicbomachus* my brother heard:
Is this your tale? saith he, O God forbid
Mine oath should tie my tongue to keepe in this!
This ougly sinne of treason, which to tell
Mine oath compels me; faith against my faith
Must not be kept. My falshood heere is truth,
And I must tell. Friend or friend not, I'l tell.
Dymnus amaz'd, hearing beyond conceit
The selfe-will'd youth vow to reueale their plot,
Stands staring on him, drawing backe his breath,
Or els his breath confounded with his thoughts
Fusied with death and horror, could not worke,
Not hauing leasure now to thinke what was,
But what would be, his feares were runne before,
And at misfortune ere she came to him,
At length yet, when his reason had reduc'd
His flying thoughts backe to some certaine stand,
Perceiuing yet some distance was betwixt
Death and his feares, which gaue him time to worke,
With his returning spirits he drew his sword,
Puts it t' his owne then to my brothers throat,
Then laies it down, then wrings his hands, then knocks,

Then

Then stedfast looks, then takes him in his armes,
Weeps on his necke, no word, but, O wilt thou?
Wilt thou, be the destruction of vs all?
And finding no relenting in the youth,
His miseries grew furious, and againe
He takes his sword, and sweares to sacrifice
To silence and their cause, his dearest bloud.
The boy amaz'd, seeing no other way,
Was faine to vow, and promise secrecie;
And as if woon t'allow and take that part,
Prayes him to tell, who were his complices.
Which, though perplext with griefe for what was done,
Yet thinking now t' haue gain'd him to his side,
Dymas replies: No worse than *Lacon*,
Demarus of the priuie Chamber, and
Nycanor, *Amyntas*, and *Archelaus*,
Draconus, *Aphobetus*, *Leucalaus*,
Shall be th'associats of *Nicomarus*.
This when my brother once had vnderstood,
And after much adoe had got away,
He comes and tels me all the whole discourse,
Which heere I haue related vnto you,
And heere will I attend t' auouch the same,
Or bring my brother to confirme as much,
Whom now I left behinde, lest the conspirators
Seeing him heere musing to this place,
Suspecting t'b' appeach'd, might shift away.

Phil. Well fellow, I haue heard thy strange report,
And will finde time t' acquaint the King therewith.

SCENA SECVNDA.

Antigonus and *Thais*.

WHat can a free estate afford me more
Than my inexpiu'd fortune doth allow?

Was

Was I belou'd, inrich'd, and grac'd before?
Am I not lou'd, inrich'd, and graced now?
Tha. Yea, but before thou were a Kings delight.
Ant. I might be his, although he was not mine.
Tha. His greatnes made thee greater in mens sight.
Ant. More great perhaps without, but not within:
My loue was then about me: I am now
About my loue. *Darius* then had thousands more:
Philotas hath but me as I do know,
Nor none els will he haue, and so he swore.
Tha. Nay, then you may beleeue him, if he swore.
Alas, poore soule, she neuer came to know
Her liberty, nor louers periuries.
Ant. Stand I not better with a meaner loue,
That is alone to me, than with these powres,
Who out of all proportion must b' about
And haue vs theirs, but they will not be ours.
And *Thais*, although thou be a Grecian,
And I a Persian, do not enuie mee,
That I embrace the only gallant man
Persia, or *Greece*, or all the world can see.
Thou, who art entertein'd and grac'd by all
The flowre of honour els, do not despise,
That vnto me, poore captiue, should befall
So great a grace in such a worthies eyes.
Tha. *Antigona*, I enuy not thy loue,
But thinke thee blest t' enioy him in that sort.
But tell me truly, Didst thou euer proue
Whether he lou'd in earnest or in sport?
Ant. *Thais*, let m' a little glory in my grace,
Out of the passion of the ioy I feele,
And tell the' a secret, but in any case,
As y' are a woman, do not it reueale.
One day, as I was sitting all alone,
In comes *Philotas* from a victory
All blood and dust, yet iolly hauing woone
The glory of the day most gallantly:

And

And warm'd with honour of his good successe,
Relates to me the dangers he was in:
Whereat I wounding, blam'd his forwardnesse.
Faith wench, sayes he, thus must we fight, toile, win,
To make that young-man proud: thus is he borne
Vpon the wings of our deserts; our blood
Sets him aboue himselfe, and makes him scorne
His owne, his country, and the authours of his good.
My father was the first that out from *Greece*
Shew'd him the way of *Asia*, set him on,
And by his project rais'd the greatest peece
Of this proud worke which now he treads vpon.
Parmenio without *Alexander* much hath wrought,
Without *Parmenio*, *Alexander* hath done nought.
But let him vse his fortune whil'st he may,
Times haue their change, we must not still be led.
And sweet *Antigona* thou mayst one day
Yet, blesse the houre t' haue known *Philotis* bed;
Wherewith he sweetly kist me. And now deeme,
If that so great, so wise, so rare a man
Would, if he held me not in deare esteeme,
Haue vitred this t' a captiue Persian.
But *Thais* I may no longer stay, for feare
My lord returne, and finde me not within,
Whose eyes yet neuer saw me any where
But in his chamber, where I should haue been.
And therefore *Thais* farewell.

Tha. Farewell *Antigona*.
Now haue I that, which I desired long,
Layd in my lap by this fond woman heere,
And meanes t' auenge me of a secret wrong
That doth concerne my reputation neere.
This gallant man, whom this foole in this wise
Vaunts to be hers, I must confesse t' haue lou'd,
And vs'd all th' engins of these conquering eyes,
Affections in his hie-built heart t' haue mou'd,
Yet neuer could: for what my labour seeks

I see is lost vpon vaine ignorance,
Whil'st the that is the glory of the Greeks,
Vertues vpholder, honours countenance,
Out of this garnish of his worthy parts
Is fall'n vpon this foolish Persian,
To whom his secrets grauely he imparts,
Which she as wisely keepe and gouerne can.
Tis strange to see the humour of these men,
These great aspiring spirits, that should be wise,
We women shall know all: for now and then,
Out of the humour of their iollities,
The smoake of their ambition must haue vent,
And out it comes what racks should not reueale:
For this her humour hath so much of winde,
That it will burst it selfe if too close pent;
And none more se than vs their wildeness finde,
Who will for loue or want of wit conceale.
For being the nature of great spirits, to loue
To be where they may be most eminent;
And rating of themselues so far aboue
Vain conceit, with whom they do frequent,
Imagin how we wonder and esteeme
All that they do or say; which makes them strive
To make our admiration more extreme:
Which they suppose they can not, lesse they giue
Notice of their extreme and highest thoughts:
And then the opinion, that we loue them too,
Begets a confidence of secrecie,
Whereby what euer they intend to doo,
We shall be sure to know it presently.
But faith, I scorne that such a one as she,
A silly witted wench, should haue this grace
To be preferr'd and honor'd before me,
Hauing but only beautie, and a face.
I that was euer courted by the great
And gallant'st Peeres and Princes of the East,
Whom *Alexander* in the greatest state

The

The earth did euer see him, made his guest.
There where this tongue obtained for her merit
Eternitie of Fame: there where these hands
Did write in fire the glory of my spirit,
And set a trophey that for euer stands.
Thou action with the Grecian acts shalbe
Inregistred alike. *Thou*, she that fir'd
The stateliest palace th'earth did euer see,
Darius house that to the clouds aspir'd,
She is put backe behinde *Antigone*.
But loone *Philetas* shall his error see,
Who thinks that beautie best, mens passions fits,
For that they vse our bodies, not our wits:
And vnto *Craterus* will I presently,
And him acquaint with all this whole discourse,
Who, I am sure, will take it well of vs:
For these great Minions, who with enuious eie
Looke on eeh others greatnesse, will be glad,
In such a case of this importancie,
To haue th'aduantage that may here be had.

CHORVS.

We as the Chorus of the vulgar, stand
Spectators here, to see these great men play
Their parts both of obedience and command,
And censure all they do, and all they say.
For though we be esteem'd but ignorant,
Yet are we capable of truth, and know
Where they do well, and where their actions want
The grace that makes them proue the best in show.
And though we know not what they do within,
Where they attire, their mysteries of State:
Yet know we by th' euent, what plots haue been,
And how they all without do personate.
We see who well a meaner part became,

Falle

Fall in a greatnesse and disgrace the same.
We see some worthy of advancements deem'd,
Save when they have it: some against have got
Good reputation, and become well esteem'd
In place of greatnesse, which before were not.
We see affliction oft a better scene
Than prosperous fortune which hath marr'd it cleane.
We see that all which we have praisd in some,
Have only become their fortune, not desert:
Some worre have grac'd, whom peace doth ill become,
And lustfull ease hath blemisht all their part.
We see Philotas adds his goodnesse ill,
And makes his passions to repent of him
Worse than he is: and we do feare he will
Bring his free nature to b'intrapt by them.
For sure there is some engin closely laid
Against his grace and greatnesse with the King:
And that vnlesse his humours prove more staid,
We soone shall see his veser ruining.
And his affliction our compassion drawes,
Which still looks on meere fortunes, not the cause.

Actvs II. Scena I.

Alexander, Ephestion, Craterus.

Alexander.

Ephestion, thou doest *Alexander* loue,
Craterus, thou the King: yet both you meet
In one selfe point of loyaltie and loue,
And both I finde like carefull, like discreet.
Therefore my faithfull'st Counsellers, to you
I must a weightie accident impart,
Which lies so heauie, as I tell you true
I finde the burden much t'oppresse my hart.
Ingratitude and stubborne carriage,

In

In one of whom my loue deserv'd respect,
Is that which moues my passion into rage,
And is a thing I ought not to neglect.
You see how I Plotinus raised haue
Aboue his ranke, his Peeres, beyond his terme;
You see the place, the offices I gaue,
As th' earnest of my loue to binde his seruice:
But all, hee deeming rather his desarts,
Than the effects of my grace any way,
Beginnes to play most peremptorie parts,
As fitter to controule than to obay.
And I haue been inform'd, he fosters too
The faction of that home-bent cowardize,
That would run backe from glorie, and vndoo
All the whole wonder of our enterprize;
And one day to our selfe presumes to wine,
(Seeming our stile and title to obraid,
Which th' Oracles themselues held requisite,
And which not I, but men on me haue laid)
And said he pitied those who vnder him should liue,
Who held himselfe the sonne of Iupiter.
Alas good man, as though what breath could giue,
Could make mine owne thoughts other than they are!
I that am Arbitrer betwixt my heart
And their opinion, know how it stands within,
And finde that my infirmities take part
Of that same frailtie other men liue in.
And yet, what if I were dispos'd to winke
At th' entertain'd opinion spred so farre,
And rather was content the world should thinke
Vs other than we are, than what we are.
In doing which, I know I am not gone
Beyond example, seeing that maiestie
Needs all the props of admiration
That may be got, to beare it vp on hie;
And much more mine, which but eu'n now begun
By miracles of fortune, and our worth,

Needs

Needs all the complements to rest vpon
That reuerence and opinion can bring forth,
Which this wise man conceiues not, and yet takes
Vpon him to instruct vs what to do.
But these are but the flourishes he makes
Of greater malice he is bent vnto:
For sure, me thinks, I view within his face
The map of change and innouation:
I see his pride contented with no place,
Vnlesse it be the throne I sit vpon.

Eph. Had I not heard this from your sacred tongue,
Deare Soueraigne, I would neuer haue beleeued
Philotas folly would haue done that wrong
T' his owne worth and th' honours he receiued:
And yet me thought, of late, his carriage
In such exceeding pompe and gallantrie,
And such a world of followers, did prefage
That he affected popularitie,
Especially, since for his seruice done
He was adiudg'd to haue the second place
In honour with *Antigonus*: which worne
To some th' opinion to be high in grace;
Then his last action, leading the right wing,
And th' ouerthrow he gaue, might hap inlarge
Th' opinion of himselfe, considering
Th' especiall grace and honour of his charge,
Whereby perhaps in rating his owne worth,
His pride might vnder-value that great grace
From whence it grew, and that which put him forth,
And made his fortune fitting to the place.
But yet I thinke he is not so vnwise,
Although his fortune, youth, and lollitie
Makes him thus mad, as he will enterprise
Ought against courte, his faith, and loyaltie:
And therefore, if your Grace did but withdraw
Those beames of fauour, which do daze his wits,
He would be soone reduc'd t' his trade of vs.

And know himselfe, and beare him as befits.
Alex. Withdraw our grace, & how can that be done,
Without some fallination to ensue!
Can he be safe brought in, being so far gone?
I holde it not. Say *Cranew*, What thinke you?
Cra. Soueraigne, I know the man: I finde his spirit;
And malice shall not make me (I protest)
Speake other than I know his pride doth merit:
And what I speake, is for your interest,
Which long ere this I would haue vttered,
But that I fear'd your Maiestie would take,
That from some priuate grudge it rather bred,
Than out of care, for your deare sisters sake;
Or rather, that I sought to crosse your Grace,
Or, to confine your fauour within bounds:
And finding him to holde so high a place
In that diuine conceit which ours confounds,
I thought the safest way to let it rest,
In hope, that time some passage open would,
To let in those cleere lookes into that brest
That doth but malice and confusion holde.
And now I see you haue discern'd the man
Whom (I protest) I hold most dangerous,
And that you ought, with all the speed you can,
Worke to represse a spirit so monstrous:
For eu'n already he is swoll'n so hie,
That his affections ouerflow the brim
Of his owne pow'rs, not able to denie
Passage vnto the thoughts that gouerne him:
For but eu'n now I heard a strange report,
Of speeches he should vse this Curtizan,
Vanting what he had done, and in what sort
He labour'd to aduance that proud yoong man.
(So terming of your sacred Maiestie)
With other such extrauagant discourse,
Whereof we shall attaine more certaintie
(I doubt not) shortly, and dissolue his course.

Meane

Meane while, about your person (I aduise)
Your Grace should call a more sufficient guard,
And on his actions fer such wary eies,
As may thereof take speciall good regard;
And note what persons chiefly he frequents,
And who to him haue the most free accesse,
How he bestowes his time, where he presents
The large reuenue of his bountifulnesse,
And for his wench that lies betwixt his armes,
And knowes his heart, I will about with her,
She shalbe wrought be t'apply her vsuall charmes,
And I will make her my discouerer.

Alex. This counsell (*Craterus*) we do well allow,
And giue thee many thanks for thy great care:
But yet we must beare faire, lest he should know
That we suspect what his affections are:
For that you see he holds a side of pow'r,
Which might perhaps call vp some mutinie,
His father, old *Parmenio*, at this howre
Rules *Media* with no lesser pow'rs than I;
Himselfe, you see, gallantly followed,
Holds next to vs a speciall gouernment;
Cœnus, that with his sister married,
Hath vnder him against commandement
Amintas and *Symmias*, his deare friends,
With both their honourable offices;
And then the priuate traine that on them rends,
With all particular dependences,
Are motiues to aduise vs how to deale.

Crat. Your Grace sayes true, but yet these clouds of smoke
Vanish before the sun of that respect
Whereon mens long-inur'd affections looke
With such a native zeale, and so effect,
As that the vaine and shallow practises
Of no such giddie traitour (if the thing
Be tooke in time with due aduisednesse)
Shall the least shew of any seeming bring.

Alex. Well, then to thee (deare *Craterus*) I refer
Th'especiall care of this great businesse.

SCENA SECVNDA.

Philotas. Ceballinus. Seruus.

Ceballinus.

MY lord, I here haue long attendance made,
Expecting to be cal'd t'auouch my newes.

Phi. In troth (my friend) I haue not found the king
At any leasure yet to heare the same.

Ceb. No, not at leasure to preuent his death!
And is the matter of no more import?
I'l trie another. Yet me thinks such men
As are the eyes and eares of Princes, should
Not weigh so light such an intelligence.

Ser. My lord, the summe you willed me to giue
The captaine that did visit you to day,
To tell you plaine, your coffers yeeld it not.

Phi. How if they yeeld it not? Haue I not then
Apparell, plate, iewels? Why sell them,
And go your way, dispatch, and giue it him.
Me thinks I find the king much chang'd of late,
And vnto me his graces not so great:
Although they seeme in shew all of one rate,
Yet by the touch, I finde them counterfet:
For when I speake, although I haue his eare,
Yet do I see his minde is other where:
And when he speaks to me, I see he striues
To giue a colour vnto what is not:
For he must thinke, that we, whose states, whose liues
Depend vpon his Grace, learne not by rote
T'obserue his actions, and to know his tryn.
And though indeed Princes be manifolde,

Plutarch in the life of Alexander.

Yet haue they still such eyes to wait on them,
As are too piercing, that they can beholde
And penetrate the inwards of the hart,
That no deuice can set so close a dore
Betwixt their sheeres and thoughts, but that their art
Of shadowing it, makes it appeare the more.
But many, maliceing my state of grace,
I know do worke, with all the power they haue,
Vpon that easie nature, to displace
My fortunes, and my actions to depraue.
And though I know they seeke t'inclose him in,
And faine would locke him vp and chamber him,
Yet will I neuer stoope, and seeke to win
My way by them, that came not in by them;
And scorne to stand on any other feet
Than these of mine owne worth; and what my plaine
And open actions can not fairelie get,
Baseneſſe and smoothing them, shall neuer gaine.
And yet, I know, my presence and accesse
Cleeres all these mists which they haue rais'd before.
Though, with my backe, straight turnes that happineſſe,
And they againe blow vp as much or more.
Thus do we roule the stone of our owne toile,
And men suppose our hell, a heauen the while.

Scena III.

Creticus, Antigonus.

Creticus.

ANtigonus, there is no remedie,
You needs must iustifie the speech you held
With *Thais*, who will your confrence verifie,
And therefore now it can not be conceal'd.
Ant. O, my good lord, I pray you vrge me not?

Thou only of a cunning enuious wit,
Scorning a stranger should haue such a loe,
Hath out of her inuention forged it. (show
Cæs. Why then, shall racks and torrures force thee
Both this and other matters which we know?
Thinke therefore, if 't were not a wiser part
T'accept of rest, rewards, preferment, grace,
And being perhaps, so beautious as thou art,
Of faire election for a neerer place,
To tell the truth, than to be obstinate,
And fall with the misfortune of a man,
Who, in his dangerous and concussed state,
No good to thee but ruine render can.
Resolue thee of this choice, and let me know
Thy minde at full, at my returning backe.
Ant. What shall I do, shall I betray my Loue,
Or die disgrac'd? What, do I make a doubt!
Betray my Loue! O heauenly pow'rs aboue
Forbid that such a thought should issue out
Of this confused breast: Nay rather first
Let torrures, death and horror do their worst.
But out alas, this inconsiderate tongue,
Without my hearts consent and priuitie,
Hath done already this vnwilling wrong,
And now it is no wisdome to denie.
No wisdome to denie! Yes, yes, that tongue
That thus hath beene the traitour to my hart,
Shall either pow'rfully redeeme that wrong,
Or neuer more shall words of breath impart.
Yet, what can my deniall profit him,
Whom they perhaps, whether I will or not,
Are purpos'd, vpon matters know'n to them,
To ruinate on some discouered plot?
Let them do what they will. Let not thy hart
Seeme to be accessarie in a thought,
To giue the least aduantage of thy part,
To haue a part of shame in what is wrought.

O this were well, if that my dangers could
Redeeme his perill, and his grace restore;
For which, I vow, my life I render would,
If this poore life could satisfie therefore.
But tis not for thy honour to forsake
Thy Loue for death, that lou'd thee in this sort.
Alas, what notice will the world take
Of such respects in women of my sort?
This act may yet put on so faire a cote
Vpon my soule profession, as it may
Not blush t' appeare with those of clemenst note,
And haue as hie a place with fame as they.
What do I talke of fame? Do I not see
This faction of my flesh, my feares, my youth
Already entred, and haue bent at me,
The ioyes of life, to batter downe my truth?
O my subdued thoughts! what haue you done?
To let in feare and falshood to my hart,
Whom though they haue surpris'd, they haue not won;
For still my loue shall holde the dearest part.

Cra. *Amigenes*, What, are you yet resolu'd?

Am. Resolu'd, my lord, t'endure all miseries?

Cra. And so be sure you shall, if that b'your choice.

Am. What will you haue me do, my lord, I am
Content to say whilst you will haue me say.

Cra. Then come, go with me to *Alexander*.

Chorvs.

HOw do'll thou weare, and weary out thy dayes,
Restlesse ambition neuer at an end!
Whose wrauth no Herculean pillar stayes,
But still beyond thy rest thy labours tend.
About good fortune thou thy hopes do'll raise,
Still climing, and yet neuer canst ascend:
For'orben thou hast crauu'd vnto thy top

Of thy desires, thou hast not yet got vp.
That height of fortune either is controld
By some more powerfull ouerlooking eie,
(That doth the subtilties of thy grace withhold)
Or counter-checke with some concurrence,
That is doth cast seeme more adeo to hold
The height attain'd, than was to get so hie,
Where stand thou can'st not, but with carefull toile,
Nor loose thy hold wis'ment thy vtter spoile.
There dost thou struggle with thine owne distrust,
And others iealousies, their counterplot,
Against some vnder-working pride, that must
Supplanted be, or els thou standst not.
There wrong is payd with wrong, and he that thrust
Downe others, comes himselfe to haue that lot.
The same concussion doth afflict his brest
That others shooke, oppression is oppress,
That either happinesse dwelt: not so hie,
Or els about, wherein pride can not rest:
And that the height of mans felicitie,
But in the region of affliction lies:
And that we clime but vp to miserie:
High fortunes are but high calamities,
It is not in that Sphere, where peace doth moue;
Rest dwelt below it, happinesse aboue.
For in the height of fortune are inshrin'd
Those thundring stages that affright the earth:
From thence haue all distemp'ratures their head,
That bring forth desolation, famine, death:
There carrions order is disordered:
And there it is confusion hath her birth,
It is that height of fortune doth vndoe
Both her owne quietnesse and others too.

Actvs Tertivs.

Alexander. Metron Ceballinus, Craterus, Perdiccas. Ephestion.

Alexander.

COme, *Metron* say, Of whom hast thou receiued
Th'intelligence of this conspiracie,
Contriu'd against our person, as thou sayst,
By *Dymnus* and some other of the Campe?
Is't not some vaine report borne without cause,
That enuy or imagination drawes
From priuate ends, to breed a publike feare,
To amuze the world with things that neuer were?

Met. Here, may it please your Highnesse, is the man,
One *Ceballinus*, that brought me the newes.

Ceb. O, *Alexander* I haue sau'd thy life;
I am the man that haue reueal'd their plot.

Alex. And how cam'st thou to be inform'd thereof?

Ceb. By mine owne brother, one *Nicbemus*,
Whom *Dymnus*, chiefe of the conspiratours,
Acquainted with the whole of their intents.

Alex. How long since is it, this was told to thee?

Ceb. About some three dayes, my soueraigne lord.

Alex. What, three dayes since! and hast thou so long
The thing conceal'd fro vs, being of that weight? (*Ieyes*
Guard, Take and lay him presently in hold.

Ceb. O, may it please your Grace, I did not keepe
The thing conceal'd one houre, but presently
Ran to acquaint *Philotas* therewithall,
Supposing him a man, so neere in place,
Would best respect a cause that touchd so neere;
And on him haue I waited these two dayes,
Expecting t'haue beene brought vnto your Grace;
And seeing him weigh it light, preuenting that

Your Graces leasure serv'd not fit to heare,
I to the Master of your armourie
Addrest my selfe forthwith, to *Mistres* here,
Who, without making any more delay,
Prest in vnto your Grace being in your bath,
Locking me vp the while in th'armourie:
And all what I could shew reuealed hath.
Alex. If this be so then, fellow, I confesse,
Thy loyall care of vs was more than theirs,
Who had more reason theirs should haue been more,
Cause *Dymnus* to be presently brought forth.
And call *Philotas* streight, who, now I see,
Hath not deceiu'd me, in deceiuing me.
Who would haue thought one, whom I held so neere,
Would from my safetie haue been so farre off,
When most it should and ought import his care,
And wherein his allegeance might make proofe
Of those effects my fauours had deserv'd,
And ought t'haue claim'd more dutie at his hands
Than any of the rest? But thus w'are serv'd,
When priuate grace out of proportion stands,
And that we call vp men from of below,
From th'element of baser propertie,
And set them where they may behold and know
The way of might, and worke of maiestie;
Where see'ng those rayes, which being sent far off,
Reflect a heat of wonder and respect,
To saile neere hand, and not to shew that proofe,
(The obiect only working that effect)
Thinke (seeing themselues, though by our fauour, set
Within the selfe same orbe of rule with vs)
Their light would shine alone, if ours were set;
And so presume t'obscure or shadow vs.
But he shall know, although his neerenesse hath
Not felt our heat, that we can burne him too;
And grace that shines, can kindle vnto wrath;
And *Alexander* and the King are two.

But

But heere they bring vs *Dymnus*, in whose face
I see is guilt, despaire, horror and death.
Guar. Yea, death indeed, for ere he could b'arrach'd
He stabb'd himselfe so deadly to the hart,
As tis impossible that he should liue.
Alex. Say *Dymnus*, What haue I deserv'd of thee,
That thou should'st thinke worthier to be thy king,
Philotas, than our selfe? Hold, hold, he sinks;
Guard keepe him vp, get him to answer vs.
Guar. H'hath spoke his last, h'wil neuer answer more.
Alex. Sorie I am for that, for now hath death
Shut vs cleane out from knowing him within,
And lockt vp in his breast all th'others harts.
But yet this deed argues the truth ingrosse,
Though we be barr'd it in particular.
Philotas, are you come? Looke heere, this man,
This *Ceballinus* should haue suffred death,
Could it but haue been prou'd he had conceal'd
Th'intended treason from vs these two dayes;
Wherewith (he sayes) he streight acquainted thee.
Thinke, the more neere thou art about our selfe,
The greater is the shame of thine offence:
And which had been lesse soule in him than thee.
Phil. Renowmed Prince, for that my heart is cleere,
Amazement can not ouercast my face,
And I must boldly with th'assured cheere
Of my vnguiltie conscience tell your Grace,
That this offence (thus happing) was not made
By any the least thought of ill in me;
And that the keeping of it vnbewrai'd,
Was, that I held the rumour vaine to be,
Considering some, who were accus'd, were knowne
Your ancient and most loyall seruitours,
And such, as rather would let out their owne
Heart blood, I know, than once indanger yours.
And for me then, vpon no certaine note,
But on the brabble of two wanton youths,

T'haue

I haue tolde an idle tale, that would haue wrought
In you distrust, and wrong to others trueths,
And to no end, but only to haue made
My selfe a scorne, and odious vnto all.
(For which I rather tooke the bait was laide,
Than els for any treachery at all.)
I must confesse, I thought the safest way
To smoother it a while, to th'end I might,
If such a thing could be, some proofs bewray,
That might yeeld probabilitie of right;
Procéeding that mine owne vnsported thought
A like beleefe of others trueth did breed,
Iudging no impious wretch could haue been wrought
T'imagen such a detestable deed.
And therefore, O dread Soueregne, do not way
Philotas faith by this his ouersight,
But by his actions past, and only lay
Error t'his charge, not malice nor despight.
Alex. Well, loe, thou hast a fauourable Iudge,
When, though thou hast not pow'r to cleere thy blame,
Yet hath he pow'r to pardon thee the same;
Which take not as thy right, but as his grace,
Since here the person alters not the ease.
And here, *Philotas*, I forgiue th'offence,
And to confirme the same, loe here's my hand.
Phi. O sacred hand, the witnesse of my life!
By thee I hold my lifetie as secure
As is my conscience free from treacherie.
Alex. Well, go t'your charge, & looke to our affaires,
For we to morrow purpose to remoue. *Exit.*
Alex. In troth I know not what to iudge herein,
Me thinks the man seemes surely cleere in this,
How euer otherwise his hopes haue beene
Transported by his vnchastitie:
It can not be, a guiltie conscience should
Put on so sure a brow; or els by art
His looks stand neutrall, seeming not to hold

Respondencie

Respondencie of int'rest with his hart.
Sure, for my part, he hath dissolu'd the knot
Of my suspition, with so cleere a hand,
As that I thinke in this (what euer plot
Of mischiefe it may be) he hath no hand.
Cra. My lord, the greater confidence he shewes,
Who is suspected, should be fear'd the more:
For danger from weake natures neuer growes;
Who must disturbe the world, are built therefore.
He more is to be fear'd, that nothing fearer,
And malice most effects, that least appearer.
Presumption of mens pow'rs as well may breed
Assuredneſſe, as innocencie may;
And mischiefe seldome but by trust doth speed,
Who kings betray, first their beleefe betray.
I would your Grace had first consern'd with vs,
Since you would needs such clemency haue show'n,
That we might yet but haue admir'd you thus,
That he his danger neuer might haue know'n.
In faults wherein an after-shame will liue,
'Tis better to conceale, than to forgiue:
For who are brought vnto the blocke of death,
Thinke rather on the perill they haue paſt,
Than on the grace which hath preſerv'd their breath;
And more their ſuffrings than their mercie taſte:
He now to plot your danger ſhall may liue,
But you his guilt not alwayes so forgiue.
Know, that a man so fwoll'n with diſcontent,
No grace can cure, nor pardon can reſtrive;
He knowes how thoſe who once haue mercy ſpent,
Can neuer hope to haue it any more.
But ſay, that through remorſe he calmer proue,
Will great *Parmenio* ſo attended on
With that braue armie, foſtred in his loue,
Be thankfull for this grace you do his ſonne?
Some benefits are odious, ſo is this,
Where men are ſtill aſhamed to confeſſe

To

To haue so done, as to deserue to die;
And euer do desire, that men should gesse
They rather had receiu'd an iniurie
Than life; since life they know in such a case
May be restor'd to all, but not to grace.

Perd. And for my part, my liege, I hold this minde,
That sure, he would not haue so much suppresst
The notice of a treason in that kinde,
Vnlesse he were a partie with the rest.
Can it be thought that great *Parmenio's* sonne,
The generall commander of the horse,
The minion of the campe, the only one
Of secret counsell, and of free recourse,
Should not in three dayes space haue found the king
At leasure t'heare three words of that import;
Whil'st he himselfe in idle lauishing
Did thousands spend t'aduance his owne report?

Cra. And if he gaue no credit to the youth,
Why did he two dayes space delay him then?
As if he had beleeu'd it for a truth,
To hinder his addresse to other men.
If he had held it but a vaine conceit,
I pray why had he not dismist him streight?
Men in their priuate dangers may be stout,
But in th'occasions and the feares of kings
We ought not to be credulous, but doubt
The insinuation of the vaineſt things.

Alex. Well, howsoeuer, we will yet this night
Disport and banquet in vnusuall wise,
That it may seeme, we weigh this practise light,
How euer heauy, here, within it lies.
Kings may not know distrust, and though they feare,
They must not take acquaintance of their feare.

SCENA

Scena II.

Antigona. Thais.

Ant. O Y'are a secret counsell-keeper, *Thais*:
In troth I little thought you such a one.
Tha. And why, *Antigona*, what haue I done?
Ant. You know ful wel, your cõscience you bewraies.
Tha. Alas, good soule, would you haue me conceale
That, which your selfe could not but needs reueale?
Thinke you, another can be more to you,
In what concernes them not, than you can be
Whom it imports? Will others holde them true,
When you proue false to your one secresie?
But yet this is no wonder: for we see
Wiser than we do lay their heads to gage
For riotous expences of their tongues,
Although it be a propertie belongs
Especially to vs, and euery age
Can shew strange presidents what we haue been
In cases of the greatest plots of men:
And tis the Scene on this worlds stage we play,
Whose reuolution we wish men obserue,
And are to act our part as well as they,
Though commonly the weakest, yet a-part.
For this great motion of a State we see
Doth turne on many wheeles, and some (though small)
Do yet the greater moue, who in degree
Scarce those who likewise turne the great'st of all.
For though we are not wise, we see the wils
By vs are made, or make vs parties still
In actions of the greatest qualities
That they can manage, be they good or ill.
Ant. I can not tell: but you haue made me doo
That which must euermore afflict my hart.

And

And if this be my wofull part, t'vndoo
My dearest Loue, wou'd I had had no part,
How haue I silly woman sifted been,
Examin'd, try'd, flatt'red, terrifi'd,
By *Crassus*, the cunningest of men,
That never left me till I had diseern'd
What euer of *Philetas* I had know'n!
Tha. What, is that all? Perhaps I haue thereby
Done thee more good than thou canst apprehend.
Ant. Such good I rather you should get than I,
If that can be a good t'accuse my friend.
Tha. Alas, thy accusation did but quote
The margin of some text of greater note.
Ant. But that is more than thou or I can tell,
Tha. Yes, yes, *Antigone*, I know it well.
For be thou sure, that alwayes those who seeke
T'attacke the Lion, so prouide, that still
Their toiles be such, as that he shall not scape
To turne his rage on those that wrought his ill.
Philetas neither was so strong nor hie,
But malice ouerlookt him, and diuide
Where he lay weake, where was his vanitie,
And built her countermounts vpon that side,
In such soy, as they would be sure to race
His fortunes with the engins of disgrace.
And now mayst thou perhaps, come great hereby,
And gracious with his greatest enemie:
For such men thinke, they haue no full succes,
Vnlesse they likewise gaine the mistresses
Of those they master, and succeed the place
And fortunes of their loues with equall grace.
Ant. Loues! Out alas! Loue such a one as he,
That seeks t'vndoo my Loue, and in him me?
Tha. Tush, loue his fortunes, loue his state, his place,
What euer greatnesse doth, it must haue grace.
Ant. I weigh not greatnesse, I must please mine eie.
Tha. Th'eie nothing fairer sees than dignitie.

Ant.

Aut. But what is dignitie without our loue?
The. If we haue that, we can not want our loue.
Aut. Why, that giues but the one-side of delight:
The day time ioy, what comfort hath the night?
The. If pow'r procure not that, what can it do?
Aut. I know not how that can b'attain'd vnto.
The. Nor will I teach thee, if thou know'st it not:
'Tis vaine, I see, to learne an Asian wit. *Exit.*
Aut. If this be that great wit, that learned skill,
You Greeks professe, let me be foolish still,
So I be faithfull. And now, being here alone,
Let me record the heauy notes of mone.

Scena III.

Cratirus. Epistius. Clius. &c.

Cratirus.

MY lords, you see the flexible conceit
Of our indangered soueraigne: and you know
How much his perill, and *Philotas* pride,
Imports the State and vs; and therefore now
We either must oppose against deceit,
Or be vndone: for now hath time diuide
An open passage to his farthest ends;
From whence, if negligence now put vs backe,
Returne we neuer can without our wracke.
And, good my lords, since you conceiue as much,
And that we stand alike, make not me prosecute
The cause alone, as if it did but touch
Only my selfe; and that I did both breed
And vrge these doubts out of a priuate griefe.
Indeed, I know, I might with much more ease
Sit still like others; and if dangers come,
Might thinke to shift for one, as well as they:
But yet the faith, the duty, and respect

We

We owe both to our soueraigne and the State,
My lords, I hold, requires another care.
Eph. My lord, assure you we will take a time
To vrge a stricter count of *Dymnus* death.
Cra. My lords, I say, vnlesse this be the time,
You will apply your physicke after death.
You see the king inuited hath this night
Philotas with the rest, and entertaines
Him with as kinde an vsage (to our sight)
As euer: and you see the cunning straines
Of sweet insinuation, that are vs'd
T' allure the eare of grace with false reports:
So that all this will come to be excus'd
With one remoue; one action quite transports
The kings affections ouer to his hopes,
And sets him so beyond the due regard
Of his owne safetie, as one enterprize
May serue their turne, and may vs all surprize.
Cle. But now, since things thus of themselues breake
We haue aduantage to preuent the worst, (out,
And euery day will yeeld vs more, no doubt;
For they are fau'd, that thus are warned first.
Cra. So, my lord *Clew*, are they likewise warn'd
T' accelerate their plot, being thus bewrai'd.
Cle. But that they can not now, it is too late:
For treason taken ere the birth, doth come
Abortiue, and her wombe is made her tombe.
Cra. You do not know *how* far it hath put forth
The force of malice, nor how far is spred
Already the contagion of this ill.
Cle. Why then there may some one be tortured
Of those whom *Ceballinus* hath reueal'd,
Whereby the rest may be discouered.
Cra. That one must be *Philotas*, from whose head
All this corruption flowes: take him, take all,
Cle. *Philotas* is not nam'd, and therefore may
Perhaps not be acquainted with this plot.

Cra.

Cra. That, his concealing of the plot bewraies:
And if we do not cast to finde him first,
His wit (be sure) hath layd so good a ground,
As he will be the last that will be found.

Cli. But if he be not found, then in this case
We do him more, by iniuring his grace.

Cra. If that he be not found t'haue dealt in this,
Yet this will force out some such thoughes of his,
As will vndoo him: for you seldome see
Such men araign'd, that euer quitted be.

Eph. Well, my lord *Craterus*, we will moue his Grace
(Though it be late) before he take his rest,
That some course may be taken in this case:
And God ordaine, it may be for the best.

Exeunt.

Chorvs.

See how these great men cloath their priuate hate
In those faire colours of the publike good;
And to effect their ends, preserue the State,
As if the State by their affections stood:
And arm'd with pow'r and Princes iealousie,
Will put the least conceit of discontent
Into the greatest ranke of treacheries,
That no one action shall seeme innocent:
Yea, valour, honour, bounty, shall be made
As accessaries vnto ends vniust;
And euen the seruice of the State must lade
The needfull'st vndertakings with distrust.
So that base vilenesse, idle luxurie
Seems safer far, than to do worthily.
Suspition full of eyes, and full of eares,
Doth thorow the cimiture of her owne conceit
See all things in the colours of her feares,
And truth it selfe must looke like to deceit,

The

That what way (eure the ſuſpected take,
Still euery will moſt cunningly ſeeke
The ambuſh of their ruine, or will make
Their humors of themſelues to take that way.
But this is ſtill the fate of thoſe that are
By nature or their ſeruants eminent,
Who either carried on cenceits too farre,
To worke their owne or others diſcontent,
Or els are deemed fit to be ſuppreſt,
Not for they are, but that they may be ill,
Since States haue euer had far more vnreſt
By ſpirits of worth, then men of meaner skill;
And finde, that thoſe do alwayes beſtest praue,
Wh' are equall to employment, not aboue.
For falſe opinion would be ſeene more wiſe,
Then preſent counſels, cuſtomes, orders, lawes:
And to the end to haue them otherwiſe,
The Common-wealth into conſuſion drawes,
As if ordained t'imbroile the world with it,
As well as greatneſſe, to diſhonour it.

ACTVS IIII. SCENA I.

Artabas. Soſtratus.

Soſtratus.

CAn there be ſuch a ſuddaine change in Court
As you report? Is it to be beleeu'd,
That great *Philaſter*, whom we all beheld
In grace laſt night, ſhould be arraign'd to day?

Art. It can be: and it is as I report:
For ſtates of grace are no ſure holds in Court.

Soſt. But yet tis ſtrange they ſhould be ouerthrow'n
Before their certaine forfeitures were know'n.

Art. Tuſh, it was breeding long, though ſuddenly
This thunder-cracke comes but to breake out now.

Soſt.

Sest. The time I waited, and I waited long,
Vntill *Philotas*, with some other lords,
Depart the Presence; and as I conceiu'd,
I neuer saw the King in better mood,
Nor yet *Philotas* euer in more grace.
Can such stormes grow, and yet no clouds appeare?

Att. Yea, court stormes grow, when skies there seeme
It was about the deepest of the night, (most cleare.
The blackest houre of darknesse and of sleepe,
When, with some other lords, comes *Craterus*,
Falles downe before the King, intreats, implores,
Coniures his Grace, as euer he would looke
To saue his person and the State from spoile,
Now to preuent *Philotas* practises,
Whom they had plainly found to be the man
Had plotted the destruction of them all.
The King would faine haue put them off to time
And farther day, till better proofs were knowne:
Which they perceiuing, prest him still the more,
And reinforc'd his dangers and their owne;
And neuer left him till they had obtain'd
Commission t'apprehend *Philotas* streight.
Now, to make feare looke with more hideous face,
Or els, but to beget it out of forme,
And carefull preparations of distrust,
About the Palace me in armour watch,
In armour men about the King attend,
All passages and issues were forclayd
With horse, t'interrupt what euer newes
Should hence breake out into *Parmenias* campe.
I, with three hundred men in armour charg'd,
Had warrant to attach and to commit
The person of *Philotas* presently:
And comming to his lodging where he lay,
Found him inhumed in the soundest sleepe
That euer man could be; where neither noise
Of clanking weapons, or our rushing in

With

With rude and trampling rumour, could dissolue
The heauie humour of that drowsie brow,
Which held perhaps his sences now more fast,
As loth to leaue, because it was the last.
Sost. *Assaras*, What, can treason sleepe so sound?
Will that lowd hand of Horror that still beats
Vpon the guiltie conscience of distrust
Permit it t haue so resolute a rest?
Ast I cannot tell: but thus we found him there,
Nor could we (I assure you) waken him,
Till thrice I call'd him by his name, and thrice
Had shooke him hard; and then at length he wakes:
And looking on me with a setled cheere,
Deare friend *Assaras*, what's the the newes? (sayd he)
What vp so soone, to hasten the remoue,
Or rais'd by some alarme or some distrust?
I tolde him, that the King had some distrust,
Why; what will *Nabarzanes* play (sayth he)
The villaine with the King, as he hath done
Alreadie with his miserable Lord?
I seeing he would not or did not vnderstand
His owne distresse, tolde him the charge I had:
Wherewith he rose, and rising vs'd these words:
O *Alexander*! now I see my foes
Haue got aboue thy goodnesse, and preuail'd
Against my innocencie and thy word.
And as we then inchain'd and fetred him,
Looking on that base furniture of shame,
Poore body (sayd he) hath so many alarme
Rais'd thee to blood and danger from thy rest,
T' inuest thee with this armour now at last?
Is this the seruice I am call'd to now?
But we, that were not to attend his plaints,
Couering his head with a disgracefull weed,
Tooke and conuai'd him suddenly to ward;
From whence he shalbe instantly brought forth,
Heere to b'arraign'd before the King, who sits

(According

(According to the Macedonian vſe)
In caſes capitall, himſelfe as Iudge.
Sol. Well, then I ſee, who are ſo high aboue,
Are neere to lightning, that are neere to *Ioue*.

Scena Secvnda.

Alexander, with all his Counſell, the dead body of Dymnus, the Reuealers of the conſpiracie, Philotas.

THe hainous treaſon of ſome few had like
T' haue rent me from you, worthy ſouldiers,
But by the mercy of th'immortall Gods
I liue, and ioy your ſight, your reuerend ſight,
Which makes me more t'abhor thoſe parricides,
Not for mine owne reſpect, but for the wrong
You had receiued, if their deſigne had ſtood,
Since I deſire but life to do you good.
But how will you be mou'd, when you ſhall know
Who were the men that did attempt this ſhame!
When I ſhall ſhow that which I grieue to ſhow,
And name ſuch, as would God I could not name!
But that the foulneſſe of their practiſe now
Blots out all memory of what they were!—
And though I would ſuppreſſe them, yet I know
This ſhame of theirs will neuer but appeare.
Parmenio is the man, a man (you ſee)
Bound by ſo many merits both to me
And to my father, and our ancient friend,
A man of yeeres, experience, grauitie,
Whoſe wicked miniſter *Philotas* is,
Who heere *Dimetrius*, *Lucalaus*, and
This *Dymnus*, whoſe dead body heere you ſee,
With others, hath ſuborn'd to ſlaughter me.
And heere comes *Menon* with *Nicomachus*,
To whom this murdred wretch at firſt reueal'd

The

The priest of this whole conspiracie,
T'assure as much as was disclosd to him.
Nicholaus, Looke heere, aduise thee well,
What, do'st thou know this man that here lies dead?
Nic. My soueraigne lord, I know him very well:
It is one *Dymus*, who did three dayes since
Bewray to me a treason practised
By him and others, to haue slaine your Grace.
Alex. Where or by whom, or when did he report,
This wicked act should be accomplished?
Nic. He sayd, Within three dayes your Maiestie
Should be within your chamber murdered
By speciall men of the Nobilitie;
Of whom he many nam'd, and they were these:
Lucus, *Demetrius* and *Archelaus*,
Nicanor, and *Ammias*, *Lucullus*,
Dracus, with *Apollonius*, and himselfe.
Mat. Thus much his brother *Cebalinus* did
Reueale to me from out this youths report.
Ceb. And so much, with the circumstance of all,
Did I vnto *Philotas* intimate.
Alex. Then, what hath been his minde, who did sup-
The information of so foule a traine, (presse
Your selues, my worthy souldiers, well may gesse,
Which *Dymus* death declares not to be vaine.
Poore *Cebalinus* not a moment stayes
To redischarge himselfe of such a weight;
Philotas careleſſe, fearelesse, nothing weighes,
Nor ought reueales. His silence shewes deceit,
And vtlesse he was content it should be done:
Which, though he were no partie, makes him one.
For he that knew vpon what pow'r he stood,
And saw his fathers greatnesse and his owne,
Saw nothing in the way, which now withstood
His vast desires, but only this my crowne,
Which in respect that I am issu[illegible]
He thinks the rather easie to b[illegible]d.

But

But yet Philotas is deceiu'd in this,
I haue who shall inherit all I gain'd.
In you I haue both children, kindred, friendes;
You are the heires of all my purchases,
And whil'st you liue I am not indigent.
And that these are not shadowes of my feares,
(For I feare nought but want of enemies)
See what this intercepted letter bewrays,
And how Parmenio doth his sonnes vpbraide.
This shewes their ends. Holde, reade it Gratyne.
Crat. reades. My sonnes, first haue a speciall care vnto
Thee vnto thofe which do depend on you: (your fathers,
So shall you do what you intend to do.
Alex. See but how cloße he writes, that if these lines
Should come vnto his foemen, as they are sure,
They might incourage them in their designes;
If enterpriz'd, might mocke the ignorant.
But now you see what was the thing was meant,
You see the fathers care, the sonnes intent.
And what if he, as a conspirator,
Was not by *Dymnus* nam'd among the rest?
That shewes not his innocencie, but his pow'r,
Whom they account too great to be suppreſt,
And rather will accuſe them-ſelues then him,
For that whil'st he shall liue, there's hope for them.
And how blushth he to see himselfe in priuate lies,
I will not stand to vrge, it's too well knowne;
Nor what hath been his arrogant reproch,
T'ignbaſe my sisters, and to bring his coach;
Nor how he mocks my letter which I wrote:
To shew him of the ſlie he ſtroue'd on me,
By th'Oracle of Iuno. Thoſe things I thought
But worldlinesse did vaunts of vanity,
(Yet would that recall the vlcers of his hate,
Which I ſuppreſt, and neuer could be quiet
The chiefe reuenge of wrath, and ſtill compare
The beſt degrees and honors of the ſtate;

In hope to win his loue, yea now at length,
There haue I dangled like the fish for the sigh.
I would to God my blood had rather beene
Powr'd out, the sillings of an enuies,
Than pradix'd to be shed by one of mine,
That one of mine should haue this infamie.
Haue I been so restrain'd from fraies, to fall
There where I ought not to haue fear'd at all?
Haue you so oft aduis'd me to regard
The safety which you saw me running from,
When with some haue pursue I prested hard
My foes abrod; to perish thus at home!
But now, that safety only rests in you,
Which you so oft haue wish me looke vnto:
And now vnto your bosomes must I flie,
Without whose will I will not, wish to liue:
And with your wils I can not lesse giue
Due punishment vnto this treachrie.
Amin. *Anaxar.* bring the hatefull prisoner forth.
This traitor, which hath sought t'vndoo vs all
To giue vs vp to slaughter, and to make
Our bloods a scorne, here in this barbarous land,
That none of vs should haue returned backe,
Vnto our natiue country to our wiues,
Our aged parents, kindred, and our friends,
To make the booty of this glorious host,
A most deformed trunke vn-boue a head,
Without the life or soule to guide the same.
Cæsar. O thou base grace, impious parricide,
Who makst me loath I blood of mine should match with thine,
And if I might, but haue my wish, I would
Thou should'st not die by other hand then mine.
Alex. Fie, *Cæsar*, when y' haue cause to chide in thus,
He first must to his accusation plead,
And haue his triall, formall as our lawes,
And let him make the best of his bad cause.
Philotas, heere the Macedonians see,

To

To iudge your fact, what language wilt thou vse?
Phi. The Persian language, if it please your Grace
For that, beside the Macedonians, here
Are many that will better vnderstand,
If I shall vse the speech your Grace hath vs'd;
Which was, I hold, vnto no other end,
But that the most men here might vnderstand.
Alex. See how his natiue language he disdaines!
But let him speake at large, as he desires;
So long as you remember he doth haue,
Besides the speech, our glory and the Scare. *Exit.*
Phi. Blacke are the colours layd vpon the crime,
Wherewith my faith stands charg'd, my worthy lords,
That as behinde in fortune so in time,
I come too late to cleere the same with words:
My condemnation is gone out before
My innocency and my iust defence,
And takes vp all your hearts, and leaues no dore
For mine excuse to haue an entrance;
That destitute of all compassion, now,
Betwixt an vpright confidence of desert
And an vniust disgrace, I know not how
To satisfie the time, and mine owne heart,
Authoritie looks with so seuere an eie
Vpon this wofull bar, and must haue still
Such an aduantage ouer miserie,
As that it will make good all that it will.
He who should only iudge my cause, is gone;
And why he would not stay, I do not see,
Since when my cause were heard, his pow'r alone
As well might then condemne as fortune free.
Nor can I by his absence now be clear'd,
Whose presence hath condyted me thus vnheard;
And though the pricesnes of a prisoners seate
May both superfluous and disgracefull seeme,
Which doth not sue, but shewes the Iudge his weight;
Yet pardon me, I must not [illegible]

My rightfull cause for being despis'd, nor must
Forsake my selfe, though I am left of all.
Feare can not make my innocence vnsull
Vnto it selfe, to giue my truth the fall.
And I had rather (seeing how my fortune drawes)
My words should be deformed than my cause.
I know that nothing is more delicate
Than is the sensit and feeling of a State:
The clap, the brute, the feare but of a hurt
In Kings behalfs, thrusts with that violence
The subiects will, to prosecute report,
As they condemne ere they discerne th'offence.
Eph. *Philotas*, you deceiue your selfe in this,
That thinke to win compassion and beliefe
By impugning iustice, and to make men gesse
We do you wrong out of our heat of griefe;
Or that our place or passion did lay more
On your misfortune, than your owne desert;
Or haue not well discern'd your fault before;
Or would without due proofs your State subuert.
These are the vsuall cheates of traitors tongues,
Who practise mischiefs, and complaine of wrongs.
Your treasons are too manifestly knowne,
To maske in other liuery than their owne.
Cra. Thinke not, that we are set to charge you here
With bare suspitions, but with open fact,
And with a treason that appeares as cleare
As is the sun, and know'n to be your act.
Phi. What is this treason? Who accuses me?
Cra. The processe of the whole conspiracie.
Phi. But where's the man that names me to be one?
Cra. Here, this dead traitor shewes you to be one.
Phi. How can he, dead, accuse me of the same,
Whom, liuing, he nor did, nor yet could name?
Cra. But we can other testimonie shew,
From those who were your chiefest complices.
Phi. I am not to b'adiudg'd in law, you know,

By

Bytestimonie, but by witnesse.
Let't' em be here produc'd vnto my face,
That can auouch m'a party in this case.
My lords and fellow soulders, if of those
Whom *Dymnus* nominated, any one
Out of his tortures will a word disclose
To shew I was a party, I haue done.
Thinke not so great a number euer will
Endure their torments, and themselues accuse,
And leaue me out; since men in such a case, still
Will rather slander others than excuse.
Calamitie malignant is, and he
That suffers iustly for his guiltinesse,
Rates his owne affliction but to see
Others tormented in the same distresse.
And yet I feare not whatsoeuer they
By racks and tortures can be forst to say.
Had I been one, would *Dymnus* haue conceal'd
My name, being held to be the principall?
Would he not for his glory haue reueal'd
The best to him, to whom he must tell all?
Nay, if he falsly then had nam'd me one,
To grace himselfe, must I of force be one?
Alas, if *Ceballinus* had not come to me,
And giuen me notice of this conspiracie,
I had not stood here now, but beene as free
From question, as I am from treacherie:
That is the only cloud that thundereth
On my disgrace. Which had I deemed true,
Or could but haue diuin'd of *Dymnus* death,
Philotas had, my lords, sat there with you.
My fault was, to haue been too credulous:
Wherein I shew'd my weaknesse, I confesse.
Cra. *Philotas*, What, a Monarch, and confesse
Your imperfections, and your weaknesse?
Phi. O *Craterus*, do not insult vpon calamitie,
It is a barbarous grossenesse, to lay on

The

My rightfull cause for being despis'd, nor must
Forsake me [illegible]

ORIGIN
PRINT
BLURR

And with a treason that appeares as cleare
As is the Sun, and known'n to be your self.
Phi. What is this treason? Who accuses me?
Cra. The processe of the whole conspiracie.
Phi. But where's the man that names me to be one?
Cra. Here, this dead traitor shewes you to be one.
Phi. How can he, dead, accuse me of the fact,
Whom, living, he nor did, nor yet could name?
Cra. But we can other testimonie shew,
Even those who were your chiefest complices.
Phi. I am not to be adiudg'd in law, you know,

By

...mie, but by wimesse.
...how produc'd vnto my face,
...in this case.

Vbi nefanda vis, fama ne-fas-sit.

INAL
T
RED.

...ne?
...ne.

By

...This is the very Coward that thunders
On my disgrace. Which had I deemed true,
Or could but haue diuin'd of *Dymnus* death,
Philotas had, my lords, sat there with you.
My fault was, to haue been too credulous:
Wherein I shew'd my weaknesse, I confesse.
Cra. *Philotas*, What, a Monarch, and confesse
Your imperfections, and your weaknesse?
Phi. O *Craterus*, do not insult vpon calamities,
It is a barberous grossenesse, to lay on

The

The weight of sinne, where heauy misery
Too much already weighs mens fortunes downe:
For if the cause be ill I vndergo,
The law, and not reproch, must make it so.
Can. There's no reproch can euer be too much
To lay on traitors, whose deserts are such.
Phi. Men vse the most reproches, where they feare
The cause will better proue than they desire.
Can. But sir, a traitors cause that is so cleare
As this of yours, will neuer need that feare.
Phi. I am no traitor, but suspected one
For not beleeuing a conspiracie:
And meere suspect, by law, condemneth none;
They are approued facts for which men die.
Cra. The law, in treasons, doth the will correct
With like seuerenesse as it doth the effect:
Th'affection is the offence of th'offence;
The execution only but the accidence;
To haue but will'd it, is to haue done the same.
Phi. I did not erre in will, but in beliefe:
And if that be a traitor, then am I the chiefe.
Cra. Yea, but your will made your beliefe consent
To hide the practise till th'accomplishment.
Phi. Beliefe turnes not by motions of our will,
And it was but the euent that made that ill.
Some facts men may excuse, though not defend,
Where will and fortune haue a diuers end.
Th'example of my father made me feare
To be too forward to relate things heard,
Who writing to the King, willst him forbeare
The potion his Physitian had prepar'd:
For that he heard *Darius* tempted had
His faith, with many talents, to be vntrue:
And yet his drugs in th'end not proouing bad,
Did make my fathers care seeme more than due:
For oft, by an vntimely diligence,
A busie faith may giue a Prince offence.

Sothan, What shall we do? If we reveale
We are dispis'd; suspected, if conceale,
And as for this, where euer now thou be,
O *Alexander*, thou hast pardon'd me:
Thou hast already giuen me thy hand,
The earnest of thy well-trusted word;
And therefore now (thereby my resolute stand)
Vnto thy word, and to thy faith I went:
If thou beleeu'dst me, then I am absolu'd;
If pardon'd me, my fetters are dissolu'd:
What haue I vile deserv'd since yesternight?
When at thy table I such grace did finde;
What hainous crime hath since been brought to light,
To wrong my faith, and to disarme my hande?
That from a selfsame, euen most grounded
Sceptre, in my misfortunes midst I stande
Both by thy hand and by a conscience wounde;
I must be wak't for gyues, for robes impaire,
For all disgrace that on me wrath could lay,
And see the worst of shame, ere I saw day,
When I least thought, that others cruelty
Should haue wrought more than mine own clemencie?
Cra. Philate, what shall euer excuse you lay
Vpon your rotten cause, it is in vaine;
Your pride, your carriage, euer did bewray
Your discontent, your malice, and disdaine:
You can not palliat mischiefe, but it will
Throw all the fairest couerings of deceit,
Be alwayes seene. We know those streames of ill
Flow'd from that head that fed them with conceit,
You fosterd malcontents, you entertaine
All humors, you all factions must embrace;
You vaunt your owne exploits, and you disdaine
The Kings proceedings, and his fitt disgrace;
You promise mountaines, and you draw men on
With hopes of greater good than hath been seene;
You brag'd of late, that some thing would be done

Whereby your Concubine should be a Queene,
And now we see the thing that should be done;
But, God be praisd, we see you first vndone.

Phi. Ah, do not make my nature if it had
So pliable a theme of disposition,
To turne to every lewdnesse, to be bad,
For doing good to men of all condition.
Make not your charitie to interpret all
Is done for fauour, or be done for show,
And that we, in our bounties pressing all,
Vpon our ends, not on mens needs bestow.
Let not my one dayes errour make you tell,
That all my life-time I did neuer well;
And that be cause this failes out to be ill,
That what I did, did owe vnto this ill.
It is vniust to ioyne t'a present fault
More of time past, than it hath euer had
Before to do withall, as if it lackt
Sufficient matter els to make it bad.
I do confesse indeed I wrote something
Against this title of the fauour of Loue,
And that not of the King, but to the King
I freely vs'd these words out of my loue:
And thereby hath that dangerous libertie
Of speaking truth, with truth on former grace,
Betrai'd my meaning vnto enuitie,
And draw'n an argument of my disgrace:
So that I see, though I spake what I ought,
It was not in that manner as I ought.

And God forbid, that euer Souldiers words
Should be made liable vnto misdeeds,
When fainting in their march, tir'd in the fight,
Sicke in their rest, stopping their wounds that bleeds,
Or hoarse and iolly after conquest got,
They shall out of their heat vse words vnkinde;
Their deeds deserue, to haue them rather thought
The passion of the season, than their minde:

For

For souldiers ioy, or wrath, is measlesse,
Rapt with an instant motion: and we blame,
We hate, we praise, we pitie in excesse,
According as our present passions frame.
Sometimes to passe the Ocean we would faine,
Sometimes to other worlds, and sometimes flocke
And idle, with our conquests, entertaine
A fallen humor of returning backe:
All which conceits one trumpets sound doth end,
And each man running to his ranke, doth lose
What in our tents displeas'd us, and we spend
All that conceived wrath upon our foes.
And words, if they proceed of lenitie,
Are to be scorn'd; of madnesse, pitied;
If out of malice or of insanie,
To be remis'd or vnacknowledged:
For of themselues, they vanish by disdaine,
But if pursude, they will be thought not vaine.
Cre. But words, according to the persian way,
If his designes are haineous, so are they:
They are the tinder of sedition still,
Wherewith you kindle fires inflame mens will.
Phi. Craterus, you have th'aduantage of the day,
The law is yours, to say what you will say:
And yet doth all your glosse but beare the sense
Only of my misfortune, not offence.
Had I pretended mischiefe to the King,
Could not I haue effected it without
Dymnus? Did not my free accesse bring
Continuall meanes t'haue brought it home about?
Was not I, since I heard the thing dissuade,
Alone, and arm'd, in priuate with his Grace?
What hindred me, that then I had not made
T'haue done that mischiefe, hauing time and place?
Cra. Philotas, euen the Prouidence aboue,
Protectresse of the sacred state of Kings,
That neuer suffers treacherie to haue

Good counsell, neuer in this case but brings
Confusion to the actors, did vndo
Your hearts in what you went about to do,
Phi. But yet *despaire*, we see, doth thrust men on,
Seeing no way else, t'vndo ere be vndon.
Cra. That same *despaire* doth likewise let men fall
In that amaze, they can do nought at all. (know'n
Phi. Well, well, my lords, my seruice hath made
The faith I owe my Soueraigne and the State,
Philotas forwardnesse hath euer show'n
Vnto all nations, at how high a rate
I priz'd my King, and at how low my blood,
To do him honour and my countrey good. (are:
Eph. We blame not what y'haue been, but what you
We accuse not heere your valour, but your fact,
Not to haue been a leader in the warre,
But an *ill* subiect in a wicked act:
Although we know, thrust rather with the loue
Of your owne glory, than with duties leaue,
You haue done much; yet all your courses proue
You tide still your atchieuements to the head
Of your owne honour, when it had beene meet
You had them layd downe at your Soueraignes feet.
God giues to Kings the honour to command,
To subiects all their glorie to obay,
Who ought in time of war as rampiers stand,
In peace as th'ornaments of State aray.
The King hath recompens'd your seruices
With better loue than you shew thankfulnesse.
By grace he made you greater than you were
By nature; you receiu'd that which he was not tide
To giue to you: his gift was far more deere
Than all you did, in making you his pride.
But say your seruice hath defend'd it all,
Your one offence hath made it odious all;
And therefore heere in vaine you vse that meane,
To plead for life, which you haue cancell'd cleane.

Phi. My lord, you far mistake me, if you deeme
I plead for life, that poore weake blaſt of breath,
From which ſo oft I ran with light eſteeme,
And ſo well haue acquainted me with death:
No, no, my lords, it is not that I feare,
It is mine honour that I ſeeke to cleare;
And which, if my diſgraced cauſe would let
The language of my heart be vnderſtood,
Is all which I haue euer ſought to get,
And which, ô leaue me now, and take my blood.
Let not your enuy go beyond the bound
Of what you ſeeke: my life ſtands in your way,
That is your aime, take it; and do not wound
My reputation with that wrong, I pray.
If I muſt needs be made the ſacrifice
Of enuy, and that no oblation will
The wrath of Kings, but only blood, ſuffice,
Yet let me haue ſomething left that is not ill.
Is there no way to get vnto our liues,
But firſt to haue our honour ouerthrowne?
Alas, though grace of Kings all greatneſſe giues,
It can not giue vs vertue, that's our owne.
Though all be theirs our hearts and hands can do,
Yet that by which we do is only ours.
The trophees that our blood erects vnto
Their memorie, to glorifie their powrs,
Let them enioy: yet only to haue done
Worthy of grace, let not that be vndone;
Let that high ſwelling riuer of their fame
Leaue humble ſtreames, that feed them yet their name.
O my deare father, didſt thou bring that ſpirit,
Thoſe hands of valloure, that ſo much haue done
In this great worke of Aſia, this to merit,
By doing worthily, to be vndone?
And haſt thou made this purchaſe of thy ſword,
To get ſo great an Empire for thy lord,
And ſo diſgrac'd a grace for thee and thine,

T' extinguiſh

T' extinguish by thy seruice all thy line?
One of thy sonnes by being too valourous,
But fiue dayes since, yet ô well, lost his breath;
Thy deare *Nicanor* th'halfe arch of thy house;
And here now the other at the barre of death,
Stands euerclouded with wrath in far worse case,
And is to be confounded with disgrace;
Thy selfe must giue th'acquitance of thy blood,
For others debts, to whom thou hast done good:
Which, if they would a little time afford,
Death would haue taken it without a sword.
Such the rewards of great implowments are,
Hate kill'es in peace, where Fortune spares in warre.
And this is that high grace of Kings we seeke,
Whose fauour and whose wrath consumes alike.

Eph. Loe here the misery of kings, whose cause
How euer iust it be, how euer strong,
Yet in respect they may, their greatnesse drawes
The world to thinke they euer do the wrong.
But this foule fact of yours, you stand vpon
Philotas, shall, beside th'apparencie
Which all the world sees plaine, ere we haue done,
By your owne mouth be made to satisfie
The most stiffe partialist that will not see.

Phi. My mouth will neuer proue so false (I trust)
Vnto my heart, to shew it selfe vniust:
And what I here do speake, I know, my lords,
I speake with mine owne mouth, but others where
What may be sayd, I say, may be the words
Not of my breath, but fame that oft doth erre.
Let th'oracle of *Ammon* be inquir'd
About this fact, who, if it shall be true,
Will neuer suffer those who haue conspir'd
Against *Ioues* seruse, t'escape without their due;
But will reueale the truth; or if this shall
Not seeme conuenient, why then lay on all
The tortures that may force a tongue to tell

The secretst thought that could imagin ill.
Bel. What need we send to know more this we know?
That were to give you time to acquaint your friends
With your estate, till some combustion grow
Within the campe to hasten on your ends,
And that the guide and all the treasurie
Committed to your fathers custodie
In *Media*, now might arme his desp'rate troops
To come vpon vs, and to cut our throats.
What, shall we aske of *Iove*, that which he hath
Reueal'd already? But let's send to giue
Thanks, that by him the king hath scap't the wrath
Of thee, disloyall traitor, and doth liue.
Guar. Let's teare the wretch in pieces, let vs rend
With our owne hands the traitrous parricide.
Alex. Peace *Belus*, silence louing souldiers.
You see, my lords, out of your iudgements grane,
That all excuses sickly colours haue.
And he that hath thus false and faithlesse been
Must find out other gods and other men
Whom to forsweare, and whom he may deceiue;
No words of his can make vs more beleeue
His impudence: and therefore, seeing tis late,
We, till morning, do dismisse the Court.

Actvs V. Chorvs.

Gracian and Persian.

Persian.

WEll, then I see there's small difference
Betwixt your state and ours, you stoutt Greeks,
Tou great contrivers of free gouernment,
Whose skill the world from out all ouerwits seeks.
Those whom you call your Kings, are but the same

As are our Soveraigne tyrants of the Ball;
I see they only differ but in name,
Th'effects they shew, give, or receive at all.
Your great men here, as our great Satrapes,
I see Lord prostrate are with basest shame,
Upon the least suspect or misbehaviour
Your Kings conceive, or which touches fame;
Only herein they differ, That your Prince
Proceeds by forme of Law t'effect his ends,
Our Persian Monarch makes his Princes chance
The strongest cruelty be served the professedst
With professed ills, and lives no more alive;
He never stands to gild a gloss of state,
How wide soere, to make it to appeare
In other hew than it is wont to bear,
Wherein plaine dealing hath the course contrarie:
For more offends who by the law offends,
What need hath Alexander so to strive
By all these shows of forme, to finde this thing
Guiltie of treason, whom he doth condemne
To have been so already? Do what he can,
He must not be acquit, though he be free,
Th'offender, not th'offence, a pretence have.
And when against the Law the Lawmaker speake?
However strong he can, his place is weake.

GRE. *Ah, but it cannot chuse but pull, and vex*
Thrake that it all doth wrack doth draw by that we see.

PER. *And yet your law serves but your primer ends,*
And to the compasse of your pow'r extends:
But 'tis for the majestie of Kings,
To sit in judgement thus themselves, with you?

GRE. *To do more justice, is the thing that brings*
The greatest majestie on earthly Kings.

PER. *Think by how much subalternate ministery*
May be performd as well, and with more graces
For, to command it to be always seene
More glorious, than to do it doth become.

The opinion

The opinion of a peer's immortall so
That sacred presence, which should never go,
Never be seene, but even as gods, below,
Like to our Persian Kings in glorious showe,
And who, as starres affixed to their spheares,
May not descend to be from what they are.
Grz. Where kings are so like gods, there subiects are not
Per. Your king begins this course, & what will you be then?
Grz. Indeed since prosperous fortune gaue the reine
To head strong pow'r and lust, I must confesse,
We Graecians haue lost deeply by our gaine,
And this our greatnesse makes vs much the lesse:
For by th' accession of those mighty States,
Which Alexander wonderously hath got,
He hath forgot himselfe and vs, and rates
His state aboue mortkinde, and ours at nought.
The hath thy pompe (o feeble Asia) wrought,
Thy base adorings hath transform'd the King
Into that straine of pride, as he is brought
Out of his wits, euen vnacknowledging
From whence the glorie of his greatnesse springs,
And that it was our swords that wrought those things.
How well were we within the narrow bounds
Of our sufficient yeelding Macedon,
Before our Kings inlarg'd them with our wounds,
And made those fathers of ambition!
Before they came to giue the regall law
To those free States which kept their creatures in awe!
They by these large dominions are made more,
But we become far weaker than before.
What gets we more by winning, but vaine minde
And wastrie hauen, with th' expence of blood?
What should th' ende, since happie fortune findes
But miserie, and is not good though good?
Affliction begets still affliction, and ruines
Our hopes beyond our wishes, drawing vs
A neuer ending circle of our paines.

That makes vs euer haue done, where we haue done.
What can giue bounds to Alexanders ends,
Who counts the world but small, that call's him great;
And his desires beyond his prey dislends,
Like beast's, that murder more than they can eat?
When shall we looke his trauels will be done,
That ends beyond the Ocean and the Sunne?
What discontentments will there still arise
In such a Campe of kings, as euer-shocke
Each others greatnesse, and what mutinies
Will put him from his comforts, and will mocke
His hopes, and neuer suffer him to haue
That which he hath of all which Fortune gaue?
And from Philotas *blood (a worthy man)*
Whose bodie now rests on the torture lies,
Will flow that waue of fresh conspiracies,
As euer slow him will, do what he can:
For cruelties doth vs imbolden more,
But them more wary makes than they haue been.
Per. Are not your great men free from torture then,
Must they be likewise racks as other men?
Gon. Treason affords a priuiledge to none,
Who like offends hath punishment all one.

SCENA II.

Peldamas. Sefirans.

Peldamas.

FRiend *Sefirans*, come, Haue you euer know'n
Such a distracted face of Court, as now;
Such a distrustfull eye, as men are grow'n
To feare themselues and all; and do not know
Where is the side that shakes not; who looks best
In this foule day, th'oppressor or th'oppress?

What

What posting, what dispatches, what aduice!
What search, what running, what discouries!
What rumors, what suggestions, what deuice
To cleere the king, please people, holde the wile,
Retwist the ruine, crush the suspected sort
At vnawares, ere they dilcerne th'are hurt!
So much the fall of such a weighteie Peere
Doth shake the State, and with him tumble downe
All whom his beames of fauour did vpbeare,
All who to rest vpon his bale were knowne:
And none, that did but touch vpon his lone,
Are free from feare to perish with his loue.
My selfe (whom all the world haue knowe'n t'imbrace
Parmenio in th'intrenesse of my hart,
And euer in all battels, euery chase
Of danger, fought still next him on that part)
Was seazed on this last night, late in my bed,
And brought vnto the presence of the King,
To pay (I thought) the tribute of my head:
But ô 'twas for a more abhorred thing!
I must redeeme my danger with the blood
Of this deare friend, this deare *Parmenio*'s blood;
His life must pay for mine, these hands must pore
That worthy hart for whom they fought before.

Sest. What, hath the King commanded such a deed,
To make the harts of all his subiects bleed?
Must that olde worthy man *Parmenio* die?

Pel. O *Sestranus*, he hath his doome to die,
And we must yeeld vnto necessitie.
For comming to the King, and there receiu'd
With vnexpected grace, he thus began:
Philotas, We both haue been deceiu'd,
In holding friendship with that faithlesse man
Parmenio, who, for all his glozing mine,
Thou seest hath sought to cut my throat and thine;
And thou must worke reuenge for thee and me:
And therefore haste to *Media* speedily.

Take

Take these two letters hence, the one from me
Vnto my sute and mistris seruants there,
The other I giue with *Poldame* scale,
As if the same t'his father writen were:
Carrie them both, effect what I haue told,
The one will giue thee coyne, the other gold,
I vnlike the letters, you the effect the time,
And here I giue the instrument of shame.

Sefi. But will you change your nature, this shame?

Po. I must, or be vnlouing with all my name:
For I haue left all th'humanitie vile
Of blood and nature, that can holde a heart
Chain'd to the world, my brethren and allies,
The hostages to caution for my part:
And for their lines now I esteeme nothing;
Els should the King, father haue turn'd this sword
Vpon my heart, than foule it impiously,
(Hauing done all faire seruice to his lord,)
Now to be implid in this foule villanie.
Thus must we do who are inthrall'd to Kings,
Whether they will iust or vniust things.
But now *Parmenio*, O, me thinks I see
Thee walking with artificiall grone
Of pleasant *Sefi*, when I come to thee,
And thou remembring all our ancient loue,
Hastes to imbrace me, saying, O my friend,
My deare *Poldame*, welcome my friend,
Well art thou come, that we may sit and chat
Of all the old aduentures we haue run,
'Tis long *Poldame* since we two met,
How doth my soueraigne lord, how doth my sonne?
When I vile wretch, what fit m'answer he attends,
With this hand giue the letter, this hand ends
His speaking ioy, and stabs him to the heart.
And thus *Parmenio* thou rewarded art
For all thy seruice: thou that shalt agree
For *Alexander* to kill *Attalus*,

For

For Alexander I must now kill also.
Such are the judgements of the heavenly powers,
We others names works, and others ours.
Cho. P. Why this is right, now Alexander raises
The smoke of powre; this is a Persian tricke.
This is our way, hereby publicke crimes we shunne
No doubtfull worke, but hereof clamour quicken.
Cra. Indeed your Persia hath been chiefe to me,
For you have us undone, who thralled you.

Nvncivs.

The worke is done, the fact accomplisht
Of this great act of blood is now
Philotas entred hath the Tragedie.
Cho. Now my good friend, I pray thee tell us how.
Nun. As willing to relate, as you to heare:
A full-charg'd heart is glad to finde an eare.
The Councell being dismist from hence, and gone,
Still Craterus plies the King, still in his eare,
Still whispering to have presently slain
Urging (as seem'd) a quicke & speedy end
For they who speake best presently to bring,
Do seldome speake the best and surest things.
Some would have had him stoned with stones to death,
According to the Macedonian custome.
But yet that would not satisfie the wrath
Of hasty rumour, but would urge fires:
There must be some confession made to this,
That must also and more satisfaction mean.
Craterus, with Caranus and Ephestion,
Do mainly urge to have him tortured;
Wherein the King consents, and thereupon
They three are sent to see't accomplished.
Racks, irons, fires, the grisly torturers
Stand ready gorgon'd before his face.

Philotas

Philotas all unmou'd, unchang'd appeares,
As if he would disdain any hell-bred ease,
And scorn'd the worst of force, and asks them, Why
They stai'd so long since the Kings enemy?

Cho. *That part was called well, God grant we heare*
No worse a Scene than this, and all goes cleare:
So should vnruly all, and they who dare to fight
Against corrupted times, should die vpright;
Such hearts Kings may dissolue, but not destroy.
A great man where his fullest he should be great.
Whose ruine, like the sacred carcases
Of shatter'd Temples whose still reuerent be,
And the religious honour throw no lesse
Them of they stood with all their gallantrie.
But on with thy report.

Nun. *Straight were the irons appli'd to teare his flesh,*
Then wrathful racks his comely bodie straine,
Then scorn whips, and then the racke afresh,
Then fire againe, and then the whips againe;
Which he endures with so resolu'd a looke,
As if his minde were of another side
Than of his bodie, and his sense forsooke
The part of nature, to be wholly milde
To honour, that he would not once consent
So much as with a sigh t'his punishment.

Cho. *Yet doth he like himself, yet all is well,*
This argument no tyrant can repell;
This plea of resolution witnesses his cause
More right than all, more admiration draws vs:
For we loue nothing more, than to renowne
Men stately miserable, highly downe.

Nun. *But now?*

Cho. *We feare that But. O, if he ought defend,*
Leaue here, and let the Tragedie here end.
Let not the last all now of his, at last,
Marre all his all of life and glories past.

Nun. *I must tell all, and therefore giue me leaue.*

Swell'n

Swell'd with new rumours, whereof with the worst
Of ours whipt, that flesh from bone had torn'd.
And so part free from wounds, to ours:
His soule to see the house so finde disfigur'd,
Wherein his life had dwelt so long time absent,
And therefore cramm'd by, they would more disguise
His grievous tortures, and he would begin
To open all wherein What done amiss.
Straight were his torturers cauld: and after they
Had in hand to recover sense, he saide,
Now Craterus, Say what you will have me say:
Wherewith, as if he laughed or delaid,
Craterus in wrath calles presently againe
To have the torturers to be reapplied.
When, what former secrets of his heart
Which had been fire-conceiv'd but in a thought,
What friend former had but spoke his part
In common haste, b'accus'd; and so forgot
Himself, that we'n he was more forward to
Confesse, than they to urge him thereunto.
Whether of Them had his speech written,
Or strong, to hide or water, all was one;
Both wayes lay death: and therefore he would vse
Now to be sure to say enough to die.
And then beg on his fortunes to deplore,
Humbly besought them whom he [ever] before;
That Alexander (where he stood, bidwaie
A Traitors, out of sight) was heard to chide:
I never thought, a man that had a minde
T' attempt so much, had had a heart so weake!
There he confest, that our kinde quietnesse,
When first the King prohibited himself Iournie-seruice,
Incens'd his jealous heart against him then,
By telling him, That now we were vnarm'd,
If we endur'd, that he, which did forbidde
To have been Philips sonne, should him and raigne.
He that above the stars of men will shine

His life, and will not be that which we are,
Not only vs contemnes, but doth disdaine
The gods themselues, with vs whom he would compare.
We haue left Alexander, left (said he)
The king, and fain'n on pride and vanitie;
And we haue made a god of our owne blood,
That glorifies himselfe, neglects our good.
Inuolrable is this impious deed
To gods, whom he would match, to men he would exceed.
Thus hauing euer night Hegelochus
Discourst, my father feasts next day
For me to heare the same: and there to vs
All he had said to him he made him relay.
Supposing, out of wine, the night before,
He might but idle raue. When he againe,
Fair more ingag'd, in heat and passion more,
Vrg'd vs to cleere the State of such a blame,
Coniur'd vs to redeeme the Common weale,
And do like men, or els as men conceale.
Parmenio thought, whil'st yet Darius stood,
The course was not of season, and thereby
Th'extinguishing of Alexanders blood
Would minister vnlooked for enuy.
But he once dead, we fearing his seuere powr'es
Might make all th'Orient and all Asia ours,
That course we lik'd, on that our counsell stands,
Thereto we tide our oathes and gaue our hands.
And after this, he said, for Dymnus plot,
Though he were cleere, yet now he clear'd him not.
And 'gainst the force of wrath as best could doo
So much with him, as he might shun vs,
And (said) that fearing Bactria would reuolt
The king too long the hand vpon his ends,
Least that his fighting lord of such a traine
And for a wealth, on whom the tribute depends,
Should, being aged, by his death preuent
These his designes, and frustrate our intent.

Chor.

Cho. *O would we had not heard this heavy hower.*
The all his former greatness & worth doth marre.
Before this day he for his fame was renowned,
But now that is vanished of his friends.

Nun. *There was Demetrius his cruell brought in place,*
And put to torture, who denies the deed.
Philotas he upbraides it to his face.
Demetrius still denies. Then he espide
A youth, one Calin, that was standing by.
Calin, said he, how long wilt thou abide
Demetrius vainly to avouch a lie?
The youth, that never had been warn'd before
In all his tortures, gave them cause to gesse
Philotas cou'd not now to utter more
Than had been prince to his friendliness.
And seeing they had as much as they desir'd,
They with Demetrius [illegible]
And all to him Domitian [illegible]
With grievous torments many [illegible]
And all [illegible]
Ass in the [illegible]

Cho. [illegible]

Nun. [illegible]

Cho. *The wrath of kings with patience must be kept,*
Seeking to cure bad parts with lenes too deepe.
When punishments like lightning should appeare
To few mens hurt, but unto all mens feare,
Great elephants and lions murder hurtl,
Th'ignoble beast is the most cruell beast.
But all is well, if by the mighty skill
Of this great man, the king be safely freed:
But if this Hydra of ambition shall
Have other heads to spring up in his stead,

Then

Then haste he made him ready for whom to rise,
Who well affrish him with fresh strawberries.
The which may teach vs to observe this stratne,
To admire high hills, but how within the plaine.

FINIS.

A PANEGYRIKE *Congratulatorie,* Deliuered to the Kings *Most excellent* Maiestie At *Burleigh Harrington* in Rutland-shire

By SAMVEL DANIEL.

Also certaine Epistles, with a Defence of Ryme heere-*tofore written,* And now published by the Author.

Carmen amat quisquis carmine digna gerit.

LONDON, Printed by *Melch. Bradwood* for *Edward Blount.* 1603.

A

PANEGYRICK

Dedicated to the King,

And excellent

Majestie

Author

Printed by

London,

A PANEGYRIKE CONGRATVLATORIE

to the Kings most excellent Maiestie.

1

LOe heere the glorie of a greater day
Than *England* euer heeretofore could see
In all her dayes! When she did most display
The ensignes of her pow'r, or when as she
Did spread her-selfe the most, and most did sway
Her state abroad, yet could she neuer be
Thus blest at home, nor euer come to grow
To be intire in her full Orbe till now.

2

And now she is, and now in peace therefore
Shake hands with Vnion, ô thou mightie Scot,
Now thou art all *Great-Britaine*, and no more,
No Scot, no English now, nor no debate;
No Borders but the Ocean and the Shore;
No wall of *Adrian* serues to separate
Our mutuall loue, nor our obedience,
Being subiects all to one Imperiall Prince.

3

What heeretofore could never yet be wrought
By all the swords of pow'r, by blood, by fire,
By ruine and destruction; here is brought
To passe with peace, with loue, with ioy, desire:
Our former blessed vnion hath begot
A greater vnion that is more intire,
And makes vs more our selues, sets vs at one
With Nature that ordain'd vs to be one.

4

Glory of men, this hast thou brought to vs,
And yet hast brought vs more than this by farre;
Religion comes with thee, peace, righteousnes,
Iudgement and iustice, which more glorious are
Than all thy kingdomes; and art more by this
Than Lord and Sou'raigne, more than Emperor
Ouer the hearts of men that let thee in
To more than all the pow'rs on earth can win.

5

God makes thee King of our estates, but we
Do make thee King of our affections,
King of our loue, a passion borne most free,
And most vnsubiect to dominion:
And know, that England which in that degree
Can loue, with such a true deuotion,
Those that are lesse than Kings; to thee must bring
More loue, who art so much more than a King.

6

And King of this great Nation, populous,
Stout, valiant, pow'rfull both by sea and land,
Attemptiue, able, worthy, generous,
Which ioyfully embraces thy command;
A people tractable, obsequious,
Apt to be fashion'd by thy glorious hand
To any forme of honour, any way
Of high attempts, thy vertues shall assay.

7

A people so inur'd to peace, so wrought
To a successiue course of quietnesse,
As th'haue forgot (and, ô, b'it still forgot)
The nature of their ancient stubbornesse:
Time altred hath the forme, the meanes, and brought
The State to that proportion'd euennesse,
As 'tis not like againe 'twill euer come
(Being vs'd abroad) to draw the sword at home.

8

This people, this great State, these hearts adore
Thy Scepter now, and now turne all to thee,
Touch't with as pow'rfull zeale, and if not more,
(And yet ô more, how could there euer be
Than vnto her, whom yet we do deplore
Amidst our ioy!) And giue vs leaue if we
Reioyce and mourne, that can not without wrong
So soonne forget her, we enioy'd so long.

9

Which likewise makes for thee, that yet we holde
True after death, and bring not this respect
To a new Prince from hating of the olde;
Or from desire of change, or from neglect;
Whereby, ô mighty Sov'raigne, thou art tolde
What thou and thine are likely to expect
From such a faith, that doth not haste to runne
Before their time to an arising Sunne.

10

And let my humble *Muse*, whom she did grace,
Beg this one grace for her that now lies dead,
That no vile tongue may spot her with disgrace,
Nor that her fame become disfigured:
O let her rest in peace, that rul'd in peace;
Let not her honour be disquieted
Now after death: but let her Graue inclose
All but her good, and that it can not close.

11

It addes much to thy glory and our grace,
That this continued current of our loue
Runnes thus to thee, all with so swift a pace;
And that from peace to peace we do remoue,
Not as in motion put from out our place,
But in one course, and do not seeme to moue,
But in more ioy than euer heeretofore,
And will we may, since thou wilt make vs more.

12

Our loue we see concurs with Gods great loue,
Who only made thy way, thy passage plaine,
Leueld the world for thee, did all remoue,
That might the shew but of a let retaine:
Vnbarr'd the *North*, humbled the *South*, did moue
The hearts of all, thy right to entertaine,
Held other States imbroil'd, whose enuie might
Haue soffred factions to impugne thy right:

13

And all for thee, that we the more might praise
The glory of his power, and reuerence thine,
Whom he hath rais'd to glorifie our dayes,
And make this Empire of the *North* to shine
Against all th'impious workings, all th'assayes
Of vile disnatur'd vipers, whose designe
Was to imbroile the State, t'obscure the light,
And that cleere brightnesse of thy sacred right.

14

To whose reproch, since th'issue and successe
Doth a sufficient marke of shame returne,
Let no Pen els blazon their ouglinesse:
Be it enough, that God and men do scorne
Their proiects, censures, vaine pretendences:
Let not our children, that are yet vnborne,
Finde there were any offred to contest,
Or make a doubt, to haue our kingdome blest.

Burle

15

Barre that question in th'eternall grave
Of darknesse, never to be seene againe:
Suffice we have thee whom we ought to have,
And t'whom all good men know did appertaine
Th'inheritance thy sacred birth-right gaine,
That needed n'other suffrages t'ordaine
What only was thy due, nor no decree
To be made known, since none was known but thee.

16

Witnesse the joy, the universall cheere,
The speed, the ease, the will, the forwardnesse
Of all this great and spacious State, how deere
It held thy stile and thy worthinesse:
Haste could not post so speedie any where,
But Fame ioin'd there before in readinesse,
To tell our hopes, and to proclame thy name;
O greater than our hopes, more than thy fame!

17

What a returne of comfort dost thou bring
Now at this fresh returning of our blood,
That meeting with the opening of the Spring,
To make our spirits likewise to imbud!
What a new season of incouraging
Beginnes t'lengthen the dayes dispos'd to good!
What apprehension of re-couerie
Of greater strength, of more ability!

18

The pulse of *England* never more did beate
So strong as now: nor ever were our harts
Let out to hopes so spacious and so great
As now they are: nor ever in all parts
Did we thus feele so comfortable heat,
As now the glory of thy worth imparts
The whole complexion of the Common-wealth,
So weake before, hop'd never for more health.

19

Could'ſt thou but ſee from *Dover* to the Mount,
From *Tarmy* to the *Orchades*, what joy,
What cheere, what triumphs, and what deere account
Is held o' thy renowme the bleſſed day,
A day which we and ours muſt ever count
Our ſolemne feſtiuall, as well we may.
And though men daily court Kings, ſtill which are new,
Yet do they more, where they finde more is due.

20

They feare the humours of a future Prince,
Who either loſt a good or felt a bad,
But thou haſt cleer'd vs of this feare long ſince,
We know thee more, than by report we had:
We haue an euerlaſting euidence
Vnder thy hand, that now we need not dread
Thou will be otherwiſe in thy deſignes
Than there thou art in thoſe iuſticiall lines.

21

It is the greateſt glorie vpon earth
To be a King, but yet much more to giue
The inſtitution with the happie birth
Vnto a King, and teach him how to liue.
We haue, by thee, far more than thine owne worth,
That doth encourage, ſtrengthen, and relieue
Our hopes in the ſucceſſion of thy blood,
That like to thee, they likewiſe will be good.

22

We haue an earneſt, that doth euen tie
Thy Scepter to thy word, and binds thy Crowne
(That elſe no hand can binde) to ratifie
What thy religious hand hath there ſet downe,
Wherein thy all-commanding Sov'raignie
Stands ſubiect to thy pen and thy renowme,
There we beholde thee King of thine owne hart,
And ſee what we muſt be, and what thou art.

There

23

There great Examplers, Presidyes of Kings,
We finde the good shall dwell within thy Court;
Plaine zeale and truth free from base flatterings,
Shall there be entertain'd and haue resort;
Honest discretion, that no cunning brings,
But counsels that lie right, and that import,
Is there receiu'd, with those whose care attends
Thee and the State more than their priuate ends.

24

There grace and fauour shall not be dispos'd,
But by proportion, euen, and vpright;
There are no mightie mountaines interpos'd
Betweene thy beames and vs, t'imbase thy light;
There Maiestie lies not as if inclos'd,
Or made a prey t'a priuate benefit:
The hand of Pow'r deales there her owne reward,
And thereby reapes the whole of mens regard.

25

There is no way to get vp to respect,
But only by the way of worthinesse;
All passages that may seeme indirect
Are stopt vp now; and there [illegible]
By grosse corruption, bribes can not effect
For th'vndeseruing any offices;
Th'ascent is cleane, and he that doth aboard
Must haue his meanes as cleane as is his end.

26

The deeds of worth and laudable desarts
Shall not now passe thorow the sights seuere
Of an imbasing tongue, that but imparts
What with his ends and humors shall compare;
The prince himselfe now heares, & iudgeth what parts
Honour and Vertue acts, and in whatsoeu,
And thereto giues his grace accordingly,
And cheeres vp others to the like thereby.

27

Nor shall we now haue vse of flatterie,
For he knowes falshood far more subtile is
Than truth, baseneſſe than liberty,
Feare than loue, t'inuent theſe flourishes:
And Adulation now is spent so nie,
As that it hath no colours to expreſſe
That which it would, that now we muſt be faine
T'vnlearne that Art, and labour to be plaine.

28

For where there is no eare to be abus'd,
None will be found that dare t'informe a wrong:
The inſolent depraver ſtands confus'd:
The impious Atheiſt ſeemes to want a tongue,
Transform'd into the fashion that is vs'd.
All ſtriue t'appeare like thoſe they liue among,
And all will ſeeme compos'd by that ſame square
By which they ſee the beſt and greateſt are.

29

Such pow'r hath thy example and reſpect,
As that without a ſword, without debate,
Without a noiſe (or feeling in effect)
Thou wilt diſpoſe, change, forme, accommodate
Thy kingdome, people, rule, and all effect
Without the leaſt conuulſion of the State;
That this great paſſage and mutation will
Not ſ'eeme a change, but only of our ill.

30

We ſhall continue and remaine all one,
In Law, in Iuſtice, and in Magiſtrate:
Thou wilt not alter the foundation
Thy Anceſtors haue layd of this Eſtate,
Nor greeue thy land with innouation,
Nor take from vs more than thou wilt collate;
Knowing that courſe is beſt to be obſerv'd
Whereby a State hath longeſt beene preſerv'd.

31

A King of England, now most graciously,
Remits the injuries that have beene done
T'a King of Scots, and makes his clemencie
To checke them more than his correction.
Th'anointed blood that stain'd most shamefully
This ill seduced state, he looks thereon
With th'eye of griefe, not wrath t'auenge the fame,
Since th'Authors are extinct that caus'd that shame.

32

Thus mightie riuers quietly do glide,
And do not by their rage their powers professe,
But by their mighty workings, when in pride
Small *Torrents* roare more lowd, and worke much lesse:
Peace, greatnes best becomes: calme power doth guide
With a farre more imperious statelinesse,
Than all the swords of violence can do,
And easier gaines those ends she tends vnto.

33

Then *England* thou hast reason thus to cheare,
Reason to ioy and triumph in this wise,
When thou shalt gaine so much, and haue no feare
To lose ought els but thy deformities,
When thus thou shalt haue health and be set cleare
From all thy great infectious maladies,
By such a hand that best knowes how to cure,
And where most lie those griefs thou dost endure.

34

When thou shalt see there is another grace
Than to be rich; another dignitie
Than money; other meanes for place
Than golde; wealth shall not now make honestie;
When thou shalt see the estimation base
Of that which most affects our miserie:
Without the which, els could'st thou neuer see
Our wayes layd right, nor men themselues to bee.

By

35

By which improvement we shall gaine much more
Than by *Peru*, or all discoveries:
For this way to imbase, is to inflore
The treasure of the land, and make it rife.
This is the only key t'unlocke the dore,
To let out plenty that it may suffice:
For more than all this Ile, for more increase
Of subsistis than by thee, there can increase.

36

This shall make rooms and place enough for all,
Which otherwise would not suffice a few,
And by proportion Geometricall
Shall so dispose to all what shall be due,
As that without corruption, wrangling, brawle,
Intrusion, wrestling, and by meanes vnlaw,
Defert shall have her charge, and but one charge,
As having but one body to discharge.

37

Whereby the all-inchetring Maiestie
Shall come to shine at full in all her parts,
And spread her beames of comfort equally,
As being all alike to like defarts:
For thus to checke, imbase and vilifie
Th'esteeme of wealth, will fashion so our harts
To worthy ends, as that we shall by much
More labour to be good than to be rich.

38

This will make peace with *Law*, restore the *Bar*
T'her ancient silence, where contention now
Makes so confus'd a noise, this will debar
The fostring of debate, and ouerthrow
That ougly monster, that foule ranuer,
Extortion, which so hideously did grow,
By making prey vpon our misere,
And wasting it against as wickedly.

The

39

The strange examples of impoui'rishments,
Of sacrilledge, exactions, and of wastes,
Shall not be made, nor held as precedents
For times to come, but end with th'ages past;
When as the State shall yeeld more supplements
(Being well imploi'd) than kings can well exhaust;
This golden meadow lying readie still
Then to be mow'd, when their occasions will.

40

Fauour, like pitie, in the hearts of men
Haue the first touches euer violent,
But soone againe it comes to languish, when
The motiue of that humour shall be spent:
But being still fed with that which first hath been
The cause thereof, it holds still permanent,
And is kept in by course, by forme, by kinde,
And time begets more ties that still more binde.

41

The broken frame of this disiointed State,
Being by the blisse of thy great grandfather,
Henrie the seuenth, restor'd to an estate
More sound than euer, and far stedfaster,
Owes all it hath to him, and in that rate
Stands bond to thee that art his successer:
For without him it had not been begunne,
And without thee we had been now vndone.

42

He, of a priuate man, became a king,
Hauing endur'd the weight of tyrannie,
Mourn'd with the world, complain'd, & knew the thing
That good men with for in their miserie
Vnder ill kings. saw what it was to bring
Order and forme to the recouerie
Of an vnruly state; conceiu'd what cure
Would kill the cause of this dilleuy'rature.

Then

43

Thou, borne a King, hast in thy state endur'd
The sowre affronts of priuate discontent
With subiects broiles; and euer been enur'd
To this great mysterie of gouernment:
Whereby thy Princely wisdome hath allur'd
A State to peace, left to thee turbulent,
And brought vs an addition to the frame
Of this great worke, squar'd fitly to the same.

44

And, both you (by the all-working Prouidence,
That fashions out of dangers, toiles, debates,
Those whom it hath ordained to commence
These first, and great establishments of States)
Came when your aid, your powers experience
(Which out of iudgement best accommodates
These ioynts of rule) was more than most desir'd,
And when the times of need the most requir'd.

45

And as he lai'd the modell of this frame,
By which was built so strong a worke of State,
As all the powers of changes in the same,
All that excesse of a disordinate
And lustfull Prince, nor all that after came,
Nor childe, nor stranger, nor yet womens fate,
Could once disioint the couplements, whereby
It held together in full symetry.

46

So thou likewise art come as fore-ordain'd
To reinforce the same more reallie,
Which often times hath but been entertain'd
By the only stile and name of Maiestie;
And by no other counsels oft attain'd
Those ends of her injoy'd tranquillitie,
Than by this forme, and by the incumbrances
Of neighbour States that gaue it a successe.

That

47

That hadst thou had no title (as thou hast
The only right, and none hath els a right)
We yet muſt now haue been inforc'd t'haue caſt
Our ſelues into thy armes, to ſet all right,
And to auert confuſion, bloodſhed, waſte,
That otherwiſe vpon vs needs muſt light:
None but a King, and no King els beſide
Could now haue ſau'd this State from being deſtroi'd.

48

Thus hath the hundred yeere brought backe againe
The ſacred blood lent to adorne the *North*,
And heere return'd it with a greater gaine,
And greater glory, than we ſent it forth.
Thus doth th'all-working Prouidence retaine,
And keepe for great effects the ſeed of worth,
And ſo doth poure the ſhops of time there by,
In periods of vncertaine certainty.

49

Margaret of *Richmond* (glorious grandmother
Vnto that other precious *Margaret*,
From whence th'Almighty worker [illegible] transfer
This branch of peace, as from a root well ſet)
Thou mother, author, plotter, counſeller
Of vnion, that didſt both conceiue, beget
And bring forth happineſſe to this great State,
To make it thus intirely fortunate.

50

O couldſt thou now but view this faire ſucceſſe,
This great effect of thy religious worke,
And ſee therein how God hath pleas'd to bleſſe
Thy charitable counſels, and to worke
Still greater good out of the bleſſedneſſe
Of this conioyned *Lancaſter* and *Yorke*:
Which all conioyn'd within, and thruſt out
Whom nature and their birth had ſet without.

How

51

How much hast thou bound all posterities
In this great worke to reuerence thy name?
And with thee, that religious, faithfull, wise
And learned *Maurice*, who contriu'd the same,
And first aduis'd, and did so well aduise,
As that the good successe that thereof came
Shew'd well, that holy hands, cleane thoughts, cleere harts
Are only fit to act such glorious parts.

52

But *Mayo*, these deare remembrances must be
In their conuenient places registred,
When thou shalt bring them discord to agree,
And bloody war vnto a quiet bed:
Which worke must now be finished by thee,
That long hath laine vndone, as destined
Vnto the glory of these dayes: for which
Thy vowes and verse haue laboured so much.

53

Thou euer hast opposed all thy might
Against contention, furie, pride, and wrong,
Perswading still to holde the course of right;
And Peace hath been the burden of thy song:
And now thy selfe shalt haue the benefit
Of quietnesse, which thou hast wanted long:
And now shalt haue calme peace, and vnion
With thine owne wars, and now thou must go on.

54

Only the ioy of this so deare a thing
Made me looke backe vnto the cause, whence came
This so great good, this blessing of a King,
When our estate so much requir'd the same:
When we had need of pow'r for the well ordering
Of our affaires, need of a spirit to frame
The world to good, to grace and worthinesse,
Out of this humour of luxuriousnesse.

And

55

And bring vs backe vnto our former vigour
Vnto our ancient native modestie,
From out these forren scenes we entertaine,
These loathsome surfets, ougly gluttony,
From this vnmanly and this idle vaine
Of wanton and superfluous braverie,
The wracke of Gentry, spoile of Nobleneſſe,
And square vs by thy strict rate Soberneſſe.

56

When Abſtinence is fashion'd by the Time,
It is no rare thing to be abſtinent,
But then it is, when th'age full fraught with crime
Lies proſtrate vnto all miſgouernment,
And who is not licentious in the prime
And heat of youth, nor then intemperate
When out of might he may, he neuer will;
No power can tempt him to charraſſe of ill.

57

Then what are we to expect from ſuch a hand
That doth this Scene of faire example guide?
Who will not now thanne to haue no command
Ouer his luſts? Who would be ſeene t'abide
Vnfaithfull to his vowes, to infringe the band
Of a moſt ſacred loue which God hath tide?
Who would now ſeeme to be diſhonoured
With th'vncleane touch of an vnlawfull bed?

58

What a great checke will this chaſte Court be now
To wanton Courts debauſht with luxurie;
Where we no other Miſtreſſes ſhall know
But her to whom we owe our loyaltie?
Chaſte Mother of our Princes, whence do grow
Thoſe righteous iſſues, which ſhall glorifie
And comfort many Nations with their worth,
To her perpetuall grace that brought them forth.

We

59

We shall not feare to have our wives distain'd,
Nor yet our daughters violated here
By an imperiall lust, that being vntain'd,
Will hardly be resisted any where.
He will not be betrai'd with ease, nor train'd
With idle rest, in soft delights to weare
His time of life: but knowes whereto he tends,
How worthy minds are made for worthy ends.

60

And that this mightie worke of vnion now
Begun with glory, must with grace run on,
And be so clos'd, as all the ioynts may grow
Together figne in due proportion:
A worke of power and iudgement, that must show
All parts of wisdome and discretion
That man can shew, that no cloud may impaire
This day of hope, whose morning shewes so faire.

61

He hath a mightie burden to sustaine,
Whose fortune doth succeed a gracious Prince,
Or where mens expectations entertaine
Hopes of more good, and more beneficence;
But yet he vndergoes a greater paine,
A more laborious worke, who must commence
The great foundation of a gouernment,
And lay the frame of Order and Content.

62

Especially where mens desires do ruine
A greedie course of eminencie, gaine,
And priuate hopes, weighing not what is done
For the Republicke, so themselues may gaine
Their ends, and where few care who be vndone,
So they be made, whil'st all do entertaine
The present motions that this passage brings
With th'infancie of change, vnder new kings.

63

So that the weight of all seemes to relie
Wholly vpon thine owne discretion,
Thy iudgement now must only rectifie
This frame of pow'r thy glory stands vpone
From thee must come, that thy posteritie
May ioy this peace, and holde this vnion:
For whil'st all worke for their owne benefit,
Thy only worke must keepe vs all vpright.

64

For, did not now thy full maturitie
Of yeeres and wisdome, that discerne what showes,
What arte and colours may deceiue the eye,
Secure our trust that that cleere iudgement knowes
Vpon what grounds depend thy Maiestie,
And whence the glory of thy greatnesse growes,
We might distrust lest that a side might part
Thee from thy selfe, and so surprize thy hart.

65

Since th'art but one, and that against thy breast
Are laid all th'ingins both of skill and wit,
And all th'assaults of cunning are addrest
With stratagems of Art to enter it,
To make a prey of grace, and to inuest
Their pow'rs within thy loue, that they might sit
And stir that way which their affection tends,
Respecting but themselues and their owne ends.

66

And see'ng how difficult a thing it is
To rule, and what strength is requir'd to stand
Against all th'interplac'd respondences
Of combinations, set to keepe the hand
And eye of power from out the Prouinces
That Auarice may draw to her command,
Which, to keepe hers, she others vowes to spare,
That they againe to hers might vse like care.

But

67

But God, that rais'd thee vp to act this part,
Hath giuen thee all those powers of worthines,
Fit for so great a worke, and fram'd thy hart
Discernable of all apparences;
Taught thee to know the world, and this great Art
Of ord'ring man, *Knowledge of knowledges*,
That from thee men might reckon how this State
Became reflor'd, and was made fortunate.

68

That thou the first, with vs, in name, might'st be
The first in course, to fashion vs anew,
Wherein the times hath offred that to thee,
Which fel'downe t'other Princes could accrue:
Thou hast th'aduantage only to be free
T' implow thy fauours where they shall be due,
And to dispose thy grace in generall,
And like to *Iove*, to be alike to all.

69

Thy fortune hath indebted thee to none,
But t'all thy people vniuersally,
And not to them, but for their loue alone,
Which they account is placed worthily:
Nor wilt thou now frustrate their hopes, whereon
They rest, nor they faile in their loyaltie;
Since no Prince comes deceiued in his trust,
But he that first deceiues, and proues vniust.

70

Then since we are in this so faire a way
Of Reflauration, Greatnesse and Command,
Curs'd be he that causes the least stay
In this faire worke, or interrupts thy hand;
And curs'd be that offers to betray
Thy graces, or thy goodnesse to withstand,
Let him be held abhorr'd, and all his race
Inherit but the portion of disgrace.

And

71

And he that shall by wicked Offices
Be th'author of the least disturbancie,
Or seeke t'auert thy godly purposes,
Be euer held the scorne of infamie:
And let men but consider their successe
Who Princes loues abus'd presumptuously,
They shall perceiue their ends do still relate,
That sure God loues them not whom men do hate.

72

And it is iust, that they who make a prey
Of Princes fauours, in the end againe
Be made a prey to Princes, and repay
The spoiles of miserie with greater gaine;
Whose sacrifices euer do allay
The wrath of men, conceiu'd in their disdaine:
For that their hatred prosecuteth still,
More than ill Princes, those that make them ill.

73

But both thy iudgement and estate doth free
Thee from these powers of feare and flatterie
The conquerours of Kings, by whom we see
Are wrought the acts of all impietie:
Thou art so set, as th'hast no cause to be
Iealous, or dreadfull of disloyaltie;
The pedestall whereon thy greatnesse stands,
Is built of all our hearts, & all our hands.

TO

SIR THOMAS EGERTON

Knight, Lord Keeper of the Great seale of England.

WIll hath the pow'rfull hand of Maiestie,
Thy worthinesse, and *Englands* hap beside,
Set thee in th'aidfull'st roome of dignitie,
As th'*Isthmus*, these two Oceans to deuide,
Of *Right* and confus'd *Vncertainie*,
To keepe out th'entercourse of wrong and pride,
That they ingulph not vp vnsiccowred right
By the extreme current of licencious might.

Now when we see the most combining band,
The strongest fastning of societie,
Law, whereon all this frame of men doth stand,
Remaine concussed with vncertainie,
And seeme to foster rather than withstand
Contention, and embrace obscuritie,
Only t'afflict, and not to fashion vs,
Making her cure farre worse than the disease;

As if she had made couenant with Wrong,
To part the prey made on our weaknesses,
And suffred Falshood to be arm'd as strong
Vnto the combate, as is Righteousnesse,
Or feeded her, as if she did belong
Vnto our passions, and did euen professe
Contention, as her only mysterie,
Which she retaines not, but doth multiplie.

Was

Was she the same shee's now in ages past?
Or was she lesse when she was vsed lesse?
And growes as malice growes, and so comes cast
Full to the forme of our vnquietnesse?
Or made more slow, the more that shee runnes fast,
Staying t'vndo vs ere she will redresse?
I hate th'ill shee checks seemes suffred to be ill,
When it yeelds greater gaine than goodnesse will.

Must there be still some dis-ord mixt among
The Harmonie of men, whose mood accords
Best with Contention, turn'd to a note of wrong,
That when warr failes, peace must make warr with words,
And (arm'd vnto destruction) curs as strong,
As were in ages past our ciuill swords;
Making as deepe, although vnbleeding wounds,
That when as sunne failes, willsome confounds.

If it be willsome, and not cunning, this
Which so imbroiles the face of truth with brawles,
And wraps it vp in strange confusednesse,
As if it lu'd immur'd within the wals
Of hideous termes, fram'd out of barbarousnesse
And forren customes, the memorials
Of our subiection, and could neuer be
Deliu'red but by wrangling subtilty.

Whereas it dwels free in the open plaine,
Vncurious, Gentle, ease of accesse,
Certaine vnto it selfe, of euell vaine,
One face, one colour, one assurednesse:
It's falshood that is intricate and vaine,
And needs these labyrinths of subtlenesse:
For where the cunningst cousinges most appeare,
It argues still that all is not sincere.

Which

Which thy cleere-ey'd experience well discries
Great *Keeper* of the State of Equitie,
Refuge of mercy, vpon whom relies
The succour of oppressed miserie;
Altar of safegard, whereto affliction flies
From th'eager pursuit of severitie;
Haven of peace, that labour'st to withdraw
Iustice from out the tempests of the Law.

And set her in a calme and euen way,
Plaine, and directly leading to redresse,
Barring these counter-courses of delay,
These wasting dilatorie processes;
Ranging into their right and proper ray,
Errors, demurrs, essoines, and trauerses,
The heads of *Hydra* springing out of death,
That giues this monster, Malice, still new breath.

That what was made for the vnlicie
And good of man, might not be turn'd t'his hurt,
To make him worser by his remedie,
And cast him downe, with what should him support:
Nor that the State of Law might lose thereby
The due respect, and reuerence of her part;
And seeme a trap to catch our ignorance,
And to intangle our intemperance.

Since her interpretations and our deeds
Vnto a like infinitie arise,
As being a Science, that by nature breeds
Contention, strife, and animosities;
For altercation controuersie feeds,
And in her aptation multiplies:
The field of Law lying all like wide,
Yeelds like aduantage vnto either side.

Which made the graue Castillian king decree
A prohibition, that no Aduocate
Should be commaí'd to th'Indian Colonies,
Least their new setting, shaken with debate,
Might take but slender roote, and so not rise
To any perfect grow'th of firme estate:
For hauing not this skill, how to controd,
Th'vnnourisht strife would quickly make an end.

So likewise did th'Hungarian, when he saw
These great Italian Bartolists, who were
Call'd in of purpose to explane the Law,
T'imbroile it more, and make it much lesse cleere,
Caus'd them from out his kingdome to withdraw
With this infectious skill, some other-where:
Whose learning, rather let men farther out,
And opened wider passages of doubt.

Seeing euen Iniustice may be regulare,
And no proportion can there be betwixt
Our actions, which in endlesse motion are,
And th'ordinances which are alwayes fixt,
Ten thousand lawes more can not reach so far,
But malice goes beyond, or lies immixt
So close with goodnesse, as it euer will
Corrupt, disguise, or counterfet it still.

And therefore did those glorious Monarchs, (who
Diuide with God the stile of Maiestie
For being good, and had a care to do
The world right, and fauour honestie)
Ordaine this Sanctuarie, wherunto
Th'oppresst might flie, this seat of Equitie,
Wherein thy vertues sit with faire renowne,
The greatest grace and glory of the Gowne.

Which

Which *Equitie*, being the soule of Law,
The life of iustice, and the spirit of right,
Dwell's not in written lines, or lives in awe
Of bookes, deafe powers, that haue nor eares nor sight;
But out of well-weigh'd circumstance doth draw
The essence of a iudgement; equitie;
And is that Lesbian square, that building fit,
Plies to the worke, not forc'th the worke to it.

Maintaining still an equall parallell,
Iust with th' occasions of humanitie,
Making her iudgements euer liable
To the respect of peace and amitie,
When surely *Law*, seene, and vnalterable,
Cares only but infallibly to satisfie:
And often innocencies scarse defends,
As that which on no circumstance depends.

But *Equitie*, that bearers an euen eine
Vpon the prefixt course, holds in my,
By giuing hand a little, and doth gaine
By a gentle relaxation of the law;
And yet inuiolable doth maintaine
The end whereto all constitutions draw,
Which is the well-fare of societie,
Consisting of an vpright policie:

Which first being by necessitie compos'd,
Is by necessitie maintain'd in best estate;
Where, when as iustice shall be ill dispos'd,
It sickens the whole body of the State:
For if there be a passage once disclos'd,
That Wrong may enter at the selfe-same gate
Which serues for Right, clad in a coat of Law,
What violent disturpers may it draw!

And therefore do'ſt thou ſtand in keepe the way,
And ſtop the courſe that euaſive ſeeks to run,
And by thy prouident *Intemeſtiue* ſtay
This neuer ending Altercation;
Sending contention home, to the end men may
There make their peace whereas their ſtrife began,
And free theſe peſtred ſtreets they vainly weare,
Whom both the ſtate, and theirs, do need all where.

Leſt th'humor which doth thus predominate
Conuert vnto it ſelfe all that it takes;
And that the law grow larger than debate,
And come t'exceed th'affaires it vndertakes:
As if the only Science of the ſtate
That tooke vp all our wits for gaine it makes;
Not for the good that thereby may be wrought,
Which is not good if'it be dearely bought.

What ſhall we thinke when as ill cauſes ſhall
Inrich men more, and ſhall be more deſir'd
Than good, as farre more beneficiall?
Who then defends the good? Who will be hir'd
To entertaine a right, whoſe gaine is ſmall?
Vnleſſe the Aduocate that hath conſpir'd
To plead a wrong, be likewiſe made to ruine
His Clients chance, and with him be vndone.

So did the wiſeſt nations euer ſtriue
To binde the hands of Iuſtice vp ſo hard,
That leſt ſhe failing to proue Lucrative
Might baſely reach them out to take reward:
Ordaining her proviſions fit to liue
Out of the publike, as a publike guard
That all preſerues, and all doth entertaine,
Whoſe end is only glory, and not gaine.

Than

That ev'n the Scepter which might all command,
Seeing her ſ'vnpartiall, equall regular,
Was pleas'd to put it ſelfe into her hand,
Whereby they both grew more admired far.
And this is that great bleſſing of this land,
That both the Prince and people vſe one Barre,
The Prince, whoſe cauſe (as nee to be withſtood)
Is neuer bad but where himſelfe is good.

This is that ballance which committed is
To thy moſt euen and religious hand,
Great Miniſter of Iuſtice, who by this
Shalt haue thy name ſtill gracious in this land:
This is that ſeale of pow'r which doth impreſſe
Thy acts of right, which ſhall for euer ſtand:
This is that traine of State, that pompously
Attends vpon thy reu'rent dignitie.

All glory els beſides ends with our breath,
And mens reſpects ſcarſe brings vs to our graues:
But this of doing good, muſt out liue Death,
And haue a right out of the right it gaue:
Though th'act but few, th'example profiteth
Thouſands, that ſhall thereby a bleſſing haue.
The worlds reſpect growes not but on deſarts,
Pow'r may haue knees, but Iuſtice hath our harts.

TO

THE LORD HENRIE HOWARD, *one of his Maiesties Priuy Councell.*

PRaise, if it be not choice, and lard aright,
Can yeeld no lustre where it is bestow'd,
Nor any way can grace the giuers Art,
(Tho'it be a pleasing colour to delight)
For that no ground whereon it can be shew'd
Will beare it well, but Vertue and Desart.
And though I might commend your learning, wit,
And happy vtterance, and commend them right,
As that which decks you much, and giues you grace,
Yet your cleere iudgement best deserueth it,
Which in your course hath cared you vpright,
And made you to discerne the truest face,
And best complexion of the things that breed
The reputation and the loue of men;
And held you in the tract of honestie,
Which euer in the end we see succeed,
Though oft it may haue interrupted been
Both by the times and mens iniquitie.
For sure those actions which do fairely runne
In the right line of honour, still are those
That get most cleane and safest to their end,
And passe the best without confusion,
Either in those that act or els dispose,
Hauing the scope made cleere, whereto they tend.
When this by-path of cunning doth s'imbroile
And intricate the passage of affaires,
As that they seldome fairely can get out;
But cost, with lesse successe, more care and toile.

Whilſt doubt and the diſtruſted cauſe impaires
Their courage, who would els appeare more ſtout.
For though ſome hearts are blinded ſo, that they
Haue diuers doores whereby they may let out
Their wils abroad without diſturbancy,
Int'any courſe, and into eu'ry way
Of humor that affection turnes about;
Yet haue the beſt but one t'haue paſſage by,
And that ſo ſurely warded with the guard
Of conſcience and reſpect, as nothing muſt
Haue courſe that way, but with the certaine paſſe
Of a perſwaſiue right, which being compar'd
With their conceit, muſt thereto anſwer iuſt,
And ſo with due examination paſſe.
Which kinde of men, rais'd of a better frame,
Are meere religious, conſtant and vpright,
And I bring the ableſt hands for any effect,
And beſt beare vp the reputation, fame,
And good opinion, that the action's right
When th'vndertakers are without ſuſpect:
But when the body of an enterpriſe
Shall go one way, the face another way,
As if it did but mocke a weaker truſt,
The motion being monſtrous, can not riſe
To any good, but falls downe to bewray,
That all pretences ſerue for things vniuſt;
Eſpecially where th'action will allow
Apparencie, or that it hath a courſe
Concentrike with the vniuerſall frame
Of men combin'd, whom it concerneth how
Theſe motions runne, and entertaine their force,
Hauing their being reſting on the ſame.
And be it, that the vulgar are but groſſe,
Yet are they capable of truth, and ſee,
And ſometimes geſſe the right, and do conceiue
The nature of that text that needs a gloſſe,
And wholy neuer can deluded be:

All

All may a few, few can not all deceiue.
And these strange disproportions in the traine
And course of things do euermore proceed
From th'ill-set disposition of their minds,
Who in their actions can not but retaine
Th'incumbred formes which do within them breed,
And which they can not shew but in their kindes.
Whereas the wayes and counsels of the light
So sort with valour and with manlinesse,
As that they carrie things assuredlie
Vndazling of their owne or others sight:
There being a blessing that doth giue successe
To worthinesse and vnto constancie.
And though sometimes th'euent may fall amisse,
Yet shall it still haue honour for th'attempt,
When craft begins with feare, and ends with shame,
And in the whole designe perplexed is:
Vertue, though luckles, yet shall scape contempt,
And though it hath not hap, it shall haue fame.

TO

THE LADIE MARGARET
Countesse of Cumberland.

HE that of such a height hath built his minde,
And rear'd the dwelling of his thoughtes so strong,
As neither Feare nor Hope can shake the frame
Of his resolued pow'rs, nor all the winde
Of vanitie or malice pierce to wrong
His setled peace, or to disturbe the same;
What a faire seat hath he, from whence he may
The boundlesse wastes and weilds of man survay.

And with how free an eie doth he looke downe
Vpon these lower regions of mutabilitie,
Where all these stormes of passions mainly beate
On flesh and blood, where honour, pow'r, renowne
Are only gay afflictions, golden trouble,
Where greatnesse stands vpon as feeble feete
As frailtie doth, and only great doth seeme
To little minides, who do it so esteeme.

He lookes vpon the mightiest Monarchs warres
But only as on stately robberies,
Where mutuall the fortune that prevailes
Must be the right, the ill-succeeding marres
The fairest and the best-fac't enterprises.
Great Pirat *Pompey* lesser Pirats quailes,
Iustice, he sees, as if seduced, still
Conspires with pow'r, whose cause must not be ill.

He

He sees the face of Right t'appeare as manifolde
As are the passions of vncertaine man,
Who paints in all colours, all strings,
To serue his ends, and make his courses holde:
He sees, that let Deceit worke what it can,
Play and contriue base wayes to high desires,
That the all-guiding Prouidence doth yet
All disappoint, and mocks this smoake of wit.

Nor is he mou'd with all the thunder-cracks
Of Tyrants threats, or with the surly brow
Of power, that proudly sits on others crimes,
Charg'd with more crying sinnes than those he checks;
The stormes of sad confusion, that may grow
Vp in the present, for the comming times,
Appall not him, that hath no side at all
But of himselfe, and knowes the worst can fall.

Although his heart so neere allied to earth,
Can not but pitie the perplexed State
Of troubled and distrest mortalitie,
That thus make way vnto the ougly birth
Of their owne sorrowes, and do still beget
Affliction vpon imbecillitie:
Yet seeing thus the course of things must runne,
He looks thereon, not strange, but as foredone.

And whil'st distraught Ambition compasses
And is incompast, whil'st as craft deceiues
And is deceiued, whil'st man doth ransacke man,
And builds on blood, and rises by distresse,
And th'inheritance of desolation leaues
To great expecting hopes: he looks thereon
As from the shore of peace with vnwet eie,
And beares no venture in impietie.

Thus

Thus, Madame, farest thou that thus hath prepar'd
A rest for his desires, and sees all things
Beneath him, and hath learn'd this booke of man,
Full of the sorces of frailtie, and compar'd
The best of glory with her sufferings.
By whom I see you labour all you can
To plant your heart, and fet your thoughts as neare
His glorious mansion as your pow'rs can beare.

Which, Madame, are so sound-fashioned
By that cleere intelligence that hath carried you
Beyond the feeble flexures of your kinde,
As they can stand against the strongest head
Passion can make, inur'd to any hue
The world can cast, that can not cast that minde
Out of her forme of goodnesse, that doth see
Both what the best and worst of earth can be.

Which makes, that whatsoeuer here befalles,
You in the region of your selfe remaine,
Where no vaine breath of thimpudent molests,
That hath secur'd within the bravest walles
Of a cleere conscience, that without all staine
Rises in peace, in innocencie rests,
Whil'st all what malice from without procures,
Shewes her owne ougly heart, but hurts not yours.

And whereas none rejoyce more in revenge
Than women vse to do, yet you well know,
That wrong is better cheekt, by being contemn'd
Than being pursu'd, leaving to him t'auenge
To whom it appertaines; wherein you show
How worthily your cleerenesse hath condemn'd
Base malediction, living in the darke,
That at the raies of goodnesse still doth barke.

Knowing

Knowing the heart of man is set to be
The centre of his world, about the which
These reuolutions of disturbances
Still roule, where all th'aspects of miserie
Predominate, whose strong effects are such
As he must beare, being pow'rlesse to redresse;
And that vnlesse aboue himselfe he can
Erect himselfe, how powre a thing is man!

And how turmoil'd they are, that leuell lie
With earth, and cannot lift themselues from thence;
That neuer are at peace with their desires,
But worke beyond their yeeres, and euen denie
Dotage her rest, and hardly will dispence
With Death: that when abilitie expires,
Desire liues still: so much delight they haue
To cary toile and trauell to the graue.

Whose ends you see, and what can be the best
They reach vnto, when they haue cast the summe
And reckonings of their glory, and you know
This floting life hath but this Port of rest,
A heauy prepar'd, that feares no ill to come:
And that mans greatnesse rests but in his show,
The best of all whose dayes consumed are
Either in warre, or peace conceiuing warre.

This concord, Madame, of a well-tun'd minde
Hath been so set, by that all-working hand
Of heauen, that though the world hath done his worst
To put it out, by discords most vnkinde,
Yet doth it still in perfect vnion stand
With God and man, nor euer will be forc't
From that most sweet accord, but still agree
Equall in Fortunes inequalitie.

And

And this note (Madame) of your worthinesse
Remaines recorded in so many hearts,
As time nor malice can not wrong your right
In th'inheritance of Fame you must possesse,
You that haue built you by your great deserts,
Out of small meanes, a farre more exquisite
And glorious dwelling for your honoured name
Than all the golde that leaden mindes can frame.

S. D.

S. D.

TO

THE LADIE LVCIE

Countesse of Bedford.

THough vertue be the same when low she stands
In th'humble shadowes of obscuritie,
As when she either sweats in martiall bands,
Or sits in Court clad with authoritie;
Yet, Madame, doth the shiftnesse of her roome
Greatly detract from her abilitie:
For as inwall'd within a liuing toombe,
Her hands and armes of action, labour not;
Her thoughts, as if abortiue from the wombe,
Come neuer borne, though happily begot.
But where she hath mounted in open sight
An eminent and spacious dwelling got,
Where she may stir at will, and vse her might,
There is she more her selfe, and more her owne;
There in the faire attire of honour dight,
She sits at ease and makes her glory knowne:
Applause attends her hands, her deeds haue grace,
Her worth new-borne is straight as if full growne.
With such a goodly and respected face
Doth vertue looke, that's set to looke from hie,
And such a faire aduantage-ly her place
Hath state and greatnesse to do worthily.
And therefore well did your high fortunes meet
With her, that gracing you, comes grac'd thereby:
And well was let into a house so sweet,
So good, so fine; so faire to good a guest,
Who now remaines as blessed in her seat,
As you are with her residencie blest.

And

And this faire course of knowledge whereunto
Your studies, learned Ladie, are addrest,
Is th'only certaine way that you can go
Vnto true glorie, to true happinesse:
All passages on earth besides, are so
Incumbred with such vaine disturbances,
As still we lose our rest in seeking it,
Being but deluded with appearances.
And no key had you els that was so fit
T'vnlocke that prison of your sex, as this,
To let you out of weaknesse, and admit
Your powers into the freedome of that blisse
That sets you there where you may ouer-see
This rowling world, and view it as it is,
And apprehend how th'outsides do agree
With th'inward, being of the things we deeme
And hold in our ill-cast accounes, to be
Of highest value and of best esteeme;
Since all the good we haue rests in the minde,
By whose proportions only we redeeme
Our thoughts from out confusion, and do finde
The measure of our selues, and of our pow'rs;
And that all happinesse remaines confinde
Within the kingdome of this brest of ours:
Without whose bounds all that we looke on lies
In others iurisdictions, others pow'rs,
Out of the circuit of our liberties.
All glory, honour, fame, applause, renowne,
Are not belonging to our royalties,
But t'others wils, wherein th'are only growne:
And that vnlesse we finde vs all within,
We neuer can without vs be our owne:
Nor call it right our life that we liue in:
But a possession held for others vse,
That seeme to haue most int'rest therein;
Which we do so disseuer, part, traduce,
Let out to custome, fashion, and to shew

As we enioy but only the abuſe,
And haue no other Deed at all to ſhew,
How oft are we conſtrained to appeare
With other countenance than that we owe,
And be our ſelues far off, when we are neere!
How oft are we forc't on a cloudie hart
To ſet a ſhining face, and make it cleere,
Seeming content to put our ſelues apart,
To beare a part of others weakneſſes!
As if we only were compoſ'd by Art,
Not Nature, and did all our deeds addreſſe
T'opinion, not t'a conſcience, what is right:
As fram'd b'example, not adviſedneſſe,
Into thoſe formes that entertaine our ſight.
And though bookes, Madam, can not make this minde
Which we muſt bring apt to be ſet aright,
Yet do they rectifie it in that kinde,
And touch it ſo, as that it turnes that way
Where iudgement lies: and though we can not finde
The certaine place of truth, yet do they ſtay
And entertaine vs neere about the ſame,
And giue the ſoule the beſt delight that may
Recheere it moſt, and moſt our ſpirits inflame
To thoughts of glory, and to worthy ends:
And therefore in a courſe that beſt became
The cleerenеſſe of your heart, and beſt commends
Your worthy pow'rs, you run the righteſt way
That is on earth, that can true glory giue,
By which when all confumes, your fame ſhall liue.

TO

As we enjoy the early sunrise,
And have no other care or labour,
How oft are we tempted
With elder
And be sure
How oft are we led
To use a thing soon and make use of,
Seeming constant to [illegible]
To bear a part of others weal or woe!
As we only are tempted by Ambition,
Not Nature, and did all our [illegible]
As man'd by example, not Authority,
Two thirds of our
And though Broke, Madam, can not make us undo a
Which we must bring up to be servants,
To do they [illegible]
And teach it [illegible]
Where [illegible] and though we can not [illegible]
The extreme place of earth, yet do we, they
And quantity [illegible]
And yet the [illegible]
Endeavor it [illegible], and [illegible]
To thoughts of glory, and to worthy ends.
And therefore in a court that [illegible]became
The effects of your heart, and [illegible]
[illegible]
That is on earth, as to the glory
By which [illegible]

TO
THE LADIE ANNE
Clifford.

VNto the tender youth of those faire eies
The light of iudgement can arise but new,
And yong the world appeares t'a young conceit,
Whilſt thorow the vnacquainted facultyes
The late inuested ſoule doth raw view
Thoſe obiects which on that diſcretion wait,
Yet you that ſuch a faire aduantage haue
Both by your birth and happy pow'rs, t'out go,
And be before your yeeres, can fairly gueſſe
What huſwifry holds fareſt without ſtaine,
Hauing your well-wrought heare full furniſht ſo
With all the images of woorthineſſe,
As there is left no roome at all vnſtor'd
Figures of other ſorte to ſhut in,
Whilſt yet thoſe clean-cro[w]ded thoughts, which is
The garden of your knowing eies reſt,
Where are no motions of deſormitie,
Nor any doore at all to let them in.
With ſo great care doth that, that hath brought forth
That outward bodie, labour to adorne
That better part, the manſion of your minde,
With all the richeſt furniture of woorth,
To make y'as highly good, as highly borne,
And ſet your vertues e'quall to your kinde,
She tels you how that honour only is
A goodly garment, put on faire deſarts,
Wherein the ſmalleſt ſtaine is greateſt ſcorne,
And that it can not grace vnworthineſſe;

But

But more separate sheenes deface fine pieces,
How spy soeuer they are deckt therein.
She tels you too, how that it bounded is,
And kept inclosed with so many eies,
As that it can not stray and breake abroad
Into the priuate wayes of carelesnesse,
Nor euer may descend to vulgarize,
Or be below the sphere of her abode.
But like to those supernall bodies set
Within their Orbs, must keepe the certaine course
Of order dessin'd to their proper place,
Which only doth their note of glory get.
Th'irregular apparences inforce
A shrewd respect, and perish without grace:
Being Meteors seeming hie, but yet low plac'd
Blazing but while their dying matters last:
Nor can we take the iust height of the minde,
But by that order which her course doth shew,
And which hath splendor to her actions giues,
And thereby men her eminencie finde,
And thereby only do attaine to know
The Region, and the Orbe wherein she liues.
For low in th'aire of grosse vncertainties
Confusion only rowles, Order sits hie.
And therefore since the dearest thing on earth,
This honour, Madame, hath his stately frame
From th'heau'nly order, which begets respect,
And that your nature, vertue, happy birth,
Haue therein highly interplac'd your name,
You may not misse she left course of neglect.
For where, not to obserue, is so prophane
Your dignities; how carefull must you be
To be your selfe? And though you may to all
Shine faire aspects, yet must the vertuous gaine
The best effects of your benignities:
Nor must your common graces cause to fall
The price of your eleuate t'a lower rate.

The

Than doth befit the pitch of your eſtate.
Nor may you build on your ſufficiencie,
For in our ſtrongeſt parts we are but weake;
Nor yet may ouer-much diſtruſt the ſame:
Leſt that you come to checke it ſo thereby,
As ſilence may become worſe than to ſpeake;
Though ſilence women neuer ill became.
And none, we ſee, were euer ouerthrowne
By others flattery more than by their owne.
For though we liue amongſt the tongues of praiſe,
And troupe of ſoothing people, that call and
All that we do, yet 'tis within our harts
Th'ambuſhment lies, that euermore betraies
Our iudgements, when our ſelues be come t'applaud
Our owne abilitie and our owne parts.
So that we muſt not only fence this fort
Of ours, againſt all others fraud, but moſt
Againſt our owne, whoſe danger is the moſt,
Becauſe we lie the neereſt to do hurt,
And ſoon'ſt deceiue our ſelues, and ſoon'ſt are loſt
By our beſt pow'rs, that do vs moſt transport.
Such are your holy bounds, who muſt conuay
(If God ſo pleaſe) the honourable blood
Of *Clifford*, and of *Raſſil*, led aright
To many worthy ſtems, whoſe offspring may
Looke backe with comfort, to haue had that good
To ſpring from ſuch a branch that grew ſ'vpright;
Since nothing cheeres the heart of greatneſſe more
Than th'Anceſtors faire glory gone before.

TO

TO
HENRIE WRIOTHESLY
Erle of Southampton.

Non fert vllum ille fortis fortiter.

HE who hath never wer'd with aduersity,
Nor euer rugg'd with Fortune and infirmitie,
Hath had occasion not no field to trie
The strength and force of his worthinesse:
Those parts of iudgment which felicitie
Keeps as conceal'd, affliction must expresse;
And only men shew their abilities,
And what they are, in their extremities.

The world had neuer taken so full note
Of what thou wert, hadst thou not been vniuste,
And only thy affliction hath begot
More fame than thy best fortunes could haue done;
For euer, by aduersitie are wrought
The greatest works of admiration,
And all the fairie examples of constance
Out of distresse and miserie are growne.

Marius the fair, that twentie Regnes,
Did make the miracles of Faith and Zeale;
Exile renouncèd, and gaol'd Rutilius,
Imprisonment and pouertie did reueale
The wealth of *Socrates*, Fabricius
Poucrtie did grace: Camillus exile
More than all *Syllaes* riches gat vnto him selfe;
And Cæsar death did vie with Cæsars life.

For the best way vnto distraction, is
The way that leads vs by adversitie.
And men are better shew'd what is amisse,
By th'expert finger of aduersitie,
Than they can be with all that Fortune brings,
Who neuer shew vs them the true face of things.

How could we know that thou could'st haue endur'd
With a repined cheere, vrbeig and digne ace;
And within heart and countenance assur'd
Haue look'd fierce death and horror in the face!
How should we know thy soule had been secur'd
In honest constancy, and in wayes vnbase!
Hadst thou not stood to shew vs what thou were,
By thy affliction, that dismay'd thy peere.

It is not but the Tempest that doth shew
The Seamans cunning; but the field that vses
The Captaines courage; and vnto vs owne it know
Best what men are in the it worst exposdies:
For lo, how many haue we seene to grow
To high renowne from lowest misteries,
Out of the hands of death, and many most
T' haue been vndone, had they not been vndone.

He that endures for what his conscience knowes
Not to be ill, doth frame a patience hie
Looke only on the cause wherevnto he owes
Those sufferings, and on his noblenes;
The more it endures, the more his glory growes,
Whilst, neuer grieues from imbecillitie
Only the best conquer'd and worthiest harte
Could fare to all the hardest and cruellest parte.

The passion of a distressed mans, who being tost vpon the sea, and hauing in his boat two women, of which he loued the one, that disdained him, and feared the other who affected him, was by contrariety of winds Neptune to cast out one of them, to appease the rage of the tempest, but which, was referred to his owne choice.

MY vnkinde loue, or else that loues me dearer,
Neptune will haue cast forth, to calme their Rage,
One of these two, or all must perish here:
And therefore now, which shall I saue of these?
Ah! do I make a question which to saue,
When my desires share but one only part?
Who should it be but she to whom I liue?
Refigur'd my life, and sacrific'd my hart?
She, she must liue, the tempests of whose brow
Confound me more than all these flowres can do,
And but for whom I liue: and therefore how
Can any life be life, lesse she liue too?
For by that meanes I both may pacifie
The rigor of these waues, and her hard hart,
Who must saue him who would not her die?
Nor can she but reward so great desire.
She can not, but in mercy needs must giue
Comfort to him by whom her life doth liue.

Pars altera.

BVt shall the blood of her that loues me well
Be sacrifi'd to her disloialtie?
That scornes my loue? and shall I hope to win
Mercie from her, by being mercilesse?
Will not her fauour, being thus seuer'd,
Raise her proud beauty to a higher sea of scorne.

When

When she shall see my passions are distain'd
With blood, although it were to serue her turne?
Since th'act of ill, though it shall good to vs,
Makes vs yet haue the aduer of the same:
And though my hand shall haue preseru'd her thus,
Yet being by cruell meanes, it is my shame,
Which she will but ascribe to my defects
And th'imperfections of my passions; which
She knowes the influence of her eyes effects,
And therein ioyes t'haue vanquisht me so much.
And when desert shall seeme t'exact reward,
It breeds a loathing in the heart of Grace,
That must worke free, out of her owne regard,
And haue no dues t'obraid her to her face.
So shall I then haue bene against my soule
Both her diuine, and th'horror of that deed,
Which euer shall my cruelnie controule,
And checke the wrong that neuer can succeed.
And though it be requir'd that one must go,
By message sent me from the pow'rs Diuine,
Yet will I not redeeme my safetie so,
Though life be in their hands, death is in mine:
And therefore since compassion can not be
Cruell to either, *Neptune* take all three.

Resumptio.

BVt that were to be cruell to all three,
Rebell to Nature, and the Gods arrest,
Whose ordinances must obserued be;
Nor may our frailtie with the heauens contest.
Why then that must be done that's leastvniust,
And my affections may not beare a part
With cruelnie and wrong. But here I must
Be of a side, to go against my hart,
And her disdaine her due reward must haue:
She must be cast away that would not saue.

A DEFENCE OF RYME,

Against a Pamphlet entituled:

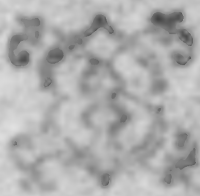
Obseruations in the Art of English Poesie:

Wherein is demonstratiuely prooued, that *Ryme* is the fittest harmonie of words that comports with our language.

By

SAMVEL DANIEL.

LONDON,
Printed by *Melch. Bradwood* for *Edward Blount*.
1607.



DEFENCE

TO
ALL THE WORTHY
Louers, and learned Professors of Rome, within his Maiesties Dominions.

S. D.

WOrthy Gentlemen, about a yeere since, vpon the great reproach giuen to the Professours of Rome, and the vse thereof, I wrote a priuate Letter, as a defence of mine owne vndertakings in that kinde, to a learned Gentleman a great friend of mine, then in Court. Which I did, rather to confirme my selfe in mine owne course, and to hold him from being vnkind from vs, then with any desire to publish the same to the world.

But now, seeing the times to promise a more regard to the present condition of our writings, in respect of our Soueraigns hopefull inclination this way; whereby we are rather to expect an incouragement to go on with that we doe, then that any imputation should skare vs, with a shew of

what it would do to another kinde, and yet did nothing but deprave: I have now given a greater hoste to the same argument: and here present it to your view, under the patronage of a noble Lirle, who in blood and nature is interessed to take our part in this cause, with others, who can not; I know, but holde deare the monuments that have been left vnto the world in this maner of composition: and who I trust will take in good part this my Defence, if not as it is my particular, yet interessed of the cause I vndertake, which I have made you all to protest.

Sa. D.

TO
WILLIAM HERBERT
Erle of Pembrooke.

THe generall custome, and vse of Ryme in this Kingdome, Noble Lord, having beene so long (as if from a grant of Nature) held vnquestionable; made mee to imagine that it lay altogether out of the way of contradiction, and was become so naturall, as we should never haue had a thought to cast it off as repugnant, or be made to thinke that it ill-became our language. But now I see, when there is opposition made to all things in the world by words, we must now at length likewise fall to contend for words themselues; and make a question whether they be right or no. For we are told how that our measures goe wrong, all Ryming is grosse, vulgar, barbarous: which if it be so, we haue lost much labour to no purpose; and for mine owne particular, I can not but blame the fortune of the times and mine owne Genius, that cast me vpon so wrong a course, drawen with the current of custome, and an vnexamined example. Hauing beene first encouraged and fram'd thereunto by your most worthy and honorable mother, and secondly the

The first motion for the formall ordering of
[illegible] compositions at Wilton, which I must
euer acknowledge to haue beene my best
Schoole, and thereof alwayes am to holde a
feeling and gratefull memorie. Afterward,
drawen farther on by the well liking and ap-
probation of my worthy Lord, the fosterer of
me and my Muse, I aduentured to bestow all
my whole powers therin, perceiuing it agreed
so wel, both with the complexion of the times
and mine owne constitution, as I found not
wherein I might better employ mee. But yet
now, vpon the great discovery of these new
measures, threatning to ouerthrow the whole
state of Ryme in this Kingdome, I must either
stand out to defend, or els be forced to for-
sake my selfe, and giue ouer all. And though
irresolution and a false distrust be the most ap-
parent faults of my nature, and that the least
checke of reprehension, yet fauour of reason,
will as easily shake my resolution as any mans
liuing: yet in this case I know not how I am
growen more resolued, and before I sincke,
willing to examine what those powers of
Iudgement are, that must beare me downe, and
beat me off from the station of my profession,
which by the law of Nature I am set to de-
fend.

And the rather for that this Detractour
(whose commendable Rymes, albeit now
himselfe an enemy to Ryme, haue giuen here-
tofore to the World the best notice of his
worth) is a man of faire parts and good repu-
tation, and therefore the reproch forcibly cast
from such a hand may throw downe more at
once than the labours of many shall in long
time

time build vp againe, specially vpon the slippery foundation of opinion, and the Worlds inconstancy, which knowes not well what is would haue, and

Dissit enim cuiue, tumentiq; Ismenio dicat
Quadquis deridet quid quod probat et veneratur,

And he who is thus become our vnkind aduersary, must pardon vs if we be as iealous of our fame and reputation, as hee is desirous of credit by his new-old arte, and must consider that we cannot, in a thing that concerns vs so neere, but haue a feeling of the wrong done, wherein euery Rymer in this vniuersall Iland, as well as my selfe, stands interessed. So that if his charity had equally drawen with his learning, he would haue forborne to procure the enuie of so powerfull a number vpon him, from whom he can not but expect the returne of a like measure of blame, and onely haue made way to his owne grace, by the proofe of his ability, without the disparaging of vs, who would haue beene glad to haue stood quietly by him, and perhaps commended his aduenture, seeing that euermore of one Science an other may be born, and that these sallies made out of the quarter of our seu knowledges, are the gallant proffers only of an vnemptie spirit, and commendable, though they worke no other effect than make a Brauado: and I know it were *Indecens & meroſum nimis, alienæ fa-*
duſtriæ, modum ponere. We could well haue allowed of his numbers, had he not disgraced our Ryme; which both Custome and Nature doth most powerfully defend: Custome, that is before all Law: Nature, that is aboue all Art. Euery language hath her proper numbers or

or measure fitted to vse and delight, which, Custome entertaining by the allowance of the Eare, doth intemize, and make Naturall. All verse is but a frame of wordes confinde within certaine measure; differing from the ordinarie speech, and introduced, the better to expresse ment conceits, both for delight and memorie. Which frame of words consisting of *Rithmus* or *Metrum*, Number or measure, are disposed into diuers fashions, according to the humour of the Composer, and the iet of the time: And these *Rhythmi*, as *Aristotle* sayth, are familiar amongst all Nations, and *à naturali & sponte fusa compositione*: And they fall as naturally already in our language, as euer Art can make them; being such as the Eare of it selfe doth marshall in their proper roomes; and they of themselues will not willingly bee put out of their ranke; and that in such a verse as best comports with the nature of our language. And for our Ryme (which is an excellencie added to this worke of measure, and a Harmonie farre happier than any proportion Antiquitie could euer shew vs) doeth adde more grace, and hath more of delight than euer bare numbers, howsoeuer they can bee forced to runne in our slow language, can; possibly yeeld. Which, whether it be deriu'd of *Rhythmus*, or of *Romanze*, which were songs the *Bards* and *Druydes* about Rymes vsed, and thereof were called *Rymours*, as some Italians holde; or howsoeuer, it is likewise number and harmonie of wordes, consisting of an agreeing sound in the last syllables of seuerall verses, giuing both to the eare an eccho of a delightfull report, and to the Memorie a

deeper

deeper impression of what is deliuered therein. For as Greeke and Latine verse consists of the number and quantitie of syllables, so doth the English verse of measure and accent. And though it doth not strictly obserue long and short syllables, yet it most religiously respects the accent: and as the short & the long make number, so the Accute and Graue accent yeeld harmonie: And harmonie is likewise number; so that the English verse then hath number, measure and harmonie in the best proportion of Musicke. Which being more certaine and more resounding, workes that effect of motion with as happy successe as either the Greeke or Latine. And so naturall a melodie is it, and so vniuersall as it seemes to be generally borne with all the Nations of the world, as an hereditarie eloquence proper to all mankinde. The vniuersalitie argues the generall power of it: for if the Barbarian vse it, then it shewes that it swaies the affection of the Barbarian: if ciuill Nations practise it, it proues that it works vpon the hearts of ciuill Nations: if all, then that it hath a power in nature on all. *Georgieuez de Turcarum moribus*, hath an example of the Turkish Rymes iust of the measure of our verse of eleuen syllables, in feminine Ryme: neuer beguyled I am perswaded by any example in *Europe*, but borne no doubt in *Scythia*, and brought ouer *Caucasus* and *Mount Taurus*. The Sclauonian and Arabian tongues acquaint a great part of *Asia* and *Affrique* with it: the Moscouite, Polacke, Hungarian, Germane, Italian, French, and Spaniard, vse no other harmonie of words. The Irish, Britan, Scot, Dane, Saxon,

Saxon, English, and all the Inhabiters of this Iland, either haue hither brought, or heere found the same in vse. And such a force hath it in nature, or so made by nature, as the Latin numbers notwithstanding their excellency, seemed not sufficient to satisfie the eare of the world thereunto accustomed, without this Harmonicall cadence: which made the most learned of all Nations labour with exceeding trauell to bring those numbers likewise vnto it: which many did with that happinesse, as neither the puritie of tongue, nor their materiall contemplations are thereby any way disgraced, but rather deserue to be reuerenced of all gratefull posteritie, with the due regard of their worth. And for *Schola Salerna*, and those *Carmina Prouerbiales*, Who findes not therein more precepts for vse, concerning diet, health, and conuersation, than *Cato*, *Theognis*, or all the Greeks and Latines can shew vs in that kinde of teaching? and that in so few words, both for delight to the eare, and the hold of memory, as they are to be embraced of all modest Readers, that study to know, and not to deprane.

Me thinks it is a strange imperfection, that men should thus ouer-runne the estimation of good things with so violent a censure, as though it must please none els, because it likes not them. Whereas *Oportet arbitratores esse non contradicentes eis qui verum inuestigant*, saith *Arist.* though he could not obserue it himselfe. And mil le Charitie telles vs:

——— *non ego paucis*
Offendor maculis quas aut incuria fudit
Aut humana parum cauit natura. For all

men

men haue their errours, and we muſt take the beſt of their powers, and leaue the reſt as not appertaining vnto vs.

Ill cuſtomes are to be left. I graunt : but I ſee not how that can be taken for an ill cuſtome, which Nature hath thus ratified, all nations receiued, time ſo long confirmed, the effects ſuch as it performes thoſe offices of reaſon for which it is imployed; delighting the eare, ſtirring the heare, & ſatisfying the iudgement in ſuch ſort as I doubt whether euer meeſle numbers will doe in our Climate, if they ſhew no more workes of wonder than yet we ſee. And if euer they proue to become any thing, it muſt be by the approbation of many ages that muſt giue them their ſtrength for any operation, or before the world will feele where the pulſe, life, and energie lies, which now were ſure where to haue in our Rymes, whoſe knowen frame hath thoſe due ſtayes for the minde, thoſe encounters of touch, as makes the motion certaine, though the varietie be infinite. Nor will the generall ſort, for whom we write (the wiſe being about bookes) taſte theſe laboured meaſures but as an orderly preſſe when we haue all done. For this kind acquaintance and continuall familiarizie euer had betweene our eare and this cadence, is growen to ſo intimate a friendſhip, as it will now hardly euer be brought to miſſe it. For be the verſe neuer ſo good, neuer ſo full, it ſeemes not to ſatisfie nor breed that delight, as when it is met and combined with a like ſounding accent : Which ſeemes as the iointure without which it hangs looſe, and cannot ſubſiſt, but runnes wildely on, like a mallow

ſauoie

fancie without a close. Suffer then the world to enjoy that which it knowes, and what it likes: Seeing that whatsoever forme of words doth moove, delight and sway the affections of men; in what Scythian sort soever it be disposed or vttered, that is true number, measure, eloquence, and the perfection of speech: which I said, hath as many shapes as there be tongues or nations in the world, nor can with all the tyrannicall Rules of idle Rhetorique be governed otherwise than custome and present observation will allow. And being now the vsus and fashion of the times, to vse a man otherwise, can not but giue a touch of singularitie: for when he hath all done, hee hath but found other clothes to the same bodie, and peradventure not so fitting as the former. But could our Aduersary hereby set vp the Musicke of our times to a higher note of iudgement and discretion, or could these new lawes of wordes better our imperfections, it were a happy attempt; but when hereby we shall but as it were change prison, and put off these fetters to receiue others, what haue we gained? as good still to vse Ryme and a little Reason, as neither Ryme nor Reason: for no doubt, as idle wits will write in that kinde, as doe now in this: imitation will after, though it breake her neckе. *Strabones vsibilis dudum ne permaneat passim.* And this multitude of idle Writers can be no disgrace to the good: for the same fortune, in one proportion or other, is proper in a like season to all States in their turne. And the same vnmeasurable confluence of Scribblers happened, when measures were most in vse among the Romans, as wee

finde

finde by this reprehension,

Mutamur mentes populus levis, & calet uno
Scribendi studio, pueri, senesque senes,
Frondis egemus vanæ rivalis, & carmina desunt.

So that their plentie seemes to haue bred the same waste and contempt as ours doth now; though it had not power to diswade what was woorthie of posteritie, nor keepe backe the reputation of excellencies, destined to continue for many ages. For seeing it is manner that satisfies the iudiciall, appeare it in what habit it will, all these pretended proportions of words, howsoeuer placed, can be but wordish, and peraduenture serue but to embroile our vnderstanding, whilest seeking to please our eare, we inthrall our iudgement; to delight an exterior sense, we smooth vp a weake confused sense, affecting sound to be vnderstood, and all to seeme *Seruum pecus*, onely to imitate the Greekes and Latines, whose felicitie, in this kinde, might be something to themselues, to whom their owne *idioma* was naturall, but to vs it can yeeld no other commoditie, than a sound. We admire them not for their smoothgliding words, nor their measures, but for their inuentions: which treasure, if it were to be found in Welsh and Irish, woe should holde those languages in the same estimation, and they may thanke their sword that made their tongues so famous and vniuersall as they are. For to say truth, their Verse is many times but a confused deliuerie of their excellent conceits, whose scattered limbs we are fain to looke out and ioyne together, to discerne the image of what they represent to vs. And euen the Latines, who professe not to be so licentious as

the

the Greeks, shew vs many times examples but of strange cruelty, in torturing and dismembring of words in the middest, or disioyning such as naturally should be maried and march together, by setting them as farre asunder as they can possibly stand, that sometimes, vnlesse the kinde Reader, out of his owne good nature, will stay them vp by their measure, they will fall downe into flat prose, and sometimes are no other indeed in their naturall sound: And then againe, when you finde them disobedient to their owne lawes, you must hold it to be *licentia poetica*, and so dispensable. The striuing to shew their changeable measures in the varietie of their Odes, haue beene verie painfull no doubt vnto them, and forced them thus to disturbe the quiet streame of their words, which by a naturall succession otherwise desire to follow in their due course.

But such affliction doth labour some curiositie still lay vpon our best delights (which euer must be made strange and variable) as if Art were ordained to afflict Nature, and that we could not goe but in fetters. Euery Science, euery profession, must be so wrapt vp in vnnecessary intrications, as if it were not to fashion, but to confound the vnderstanding, which makes me much to distrust man, and feare that our presumption goes beyond our ability, and our curiositie is more than our iudgement: labouring euer to seeme to be more than we are, or laying greater burdens vpon our minds, than they are well able to beare, because we would not appeare like other men.

And indeed I haue wished there were not

that

that multiplicitie of Rymers as is vsed by many in Sonets, which yet we see in some so happily to succeed, and hath beene so farre from hindering their inventions, as it hath begot conceit beyond expectation, and comparable to the best inventions of the world: for sure in an eminent spirit, whom Nature hath framed for that mysterie, Ryme is no impediment to his conceit, but rather giues him wings to mount, and carries him not out of his course, but as it were beyond his power to a far happier flight. All excellencies being sold vnto the hard price of labour, it follows, where we bestow most thereof, we buy the best successe: and Ryme being farre more laborious than loose measures (whatsoeuer is obiected) must needs, meeting with wit and industrie, breed greater and worthier effects in our language. So that if our labours haue wrought vnto vs a manumission from bondage, and that we goe at libertie, notwithstanding these ties, we are no longer the slaues of Ryme, but we make it a most excellent instrument to serue vs. Now is this certaine limit obserued in Sonnets, not tyrannicall bounding of the conceit, but rather a reducing it to grauity, and a iust forme, neither too long for the shortest project, nor too short for the longest, being but onely employed for a present passion. For the bodie of our imagination, being as an vnformed Chaos without fashion, without day, if by the diuine power of the spirit it be wrought into an Orbe of order and forme, is it not more pleasing to Nature, that desires a certainty, and compares not with that which is infinite, to haue these cleerer, rather than not to know where to end,

or

or how fame to get, especially seeing our pas-
sions are often without measure? And we finde
the best of the Latines many times, either not
concluding, or els otherwise in the end than
they began. Besides, is it not most delightfull
to see much excellencie ordered in a small
roome, or limbe, gallantly disposed and made
to fill vp a space of like capacitie, in such sort,
that the one would not appeare so beautifull
in a larger circuit, nor the other doe well in a
lesse: which often we finde to be so, accord-
ing to the powers of nature, in the workman.
And these limited proportions, and rests of
Stanzes, consisting of six, seuen, or eight lines,
are of that happinesse, both for the disposition
of the matter, the apt planting the sentence
where it may best stand to hit the certain cleft
of delight, with the full bodie of a iust period
well carried, is such, as neither the Greeks or
Latines euer attained vnto: for their bound-
lesse running on often so confounds the Rea-
der, that hauing once lost himselfe, must ei-
ther giue off vnsatisfied, or vncertainly cast
backe to reuiue the escaped sense, and to finde
way againe into this manner.

Me thinks we should not so soone yeeld our
eares captiue to the authoritie of Antiqui-
tie, vnlesse we saw more reason: all our vnder-
standings are not to be built by the square of
Greece and *Italie*. We are the children of na-
ture as well as they, we are not so placed out
of the way of iudgement, but that the same
Sunne of Discretion shineth vpon vs, we haue
our portion of the same vertues as well as of
the same vices. *Et Cecilius erat Liuiusque in pe-
riodis vicinus, quibusque sub axe.* Time and the

turne

ment of things being about these fancyfies according vnto their precise obseruance; and, *Res augustæ non angustæ rebus fortiter agendis*. So that we must neuer rebell against vse: *Regem patet arbitrium eius & vis & norma loquendi*. It is not the obseruing of *Tyrocinium* nor their *Lexiphanes*, that will make our writings eyther the wiser: All their Poesie, all their Philosophie is nothing, vnlesse wee bring the discerning light of iudicie with vs to applie it to vse. It is not bookes, but onely that great booke of the world, and that all-ouerspreading grace of heauen that makes men truely iudiciall. Nor can it but touch of arrogant ignorance, to holde this or that Nation Barbarous, theirs or those times grosse, considering how this manifolde creature man, whersoeuer hee stand in the World, hath alwayes some disposition of wtorth, couersaunt in the order of societie, affects that which is most in vse, and is eminent in some one thing or other, that fits his humour and the times. The Grecians held all other nations barbarous but themselues, yet *Pyrrhus* when he saw the well ordered marching of the Romans, which made them for their puissaunces famous, could say it was no barbarous manner of proceeding. The *Gothes*, *Vandales*, and *Longobards*, whose entrance downe like an inundation, ouerwhelmed, as they say, all the glorie of learning in *Europe*, haue yet left vs till their Lawes and Customes, as the originals of most of the principall Constitutions of Christendome, which being well considered with their other courses of gouernment, may serue to cleare them from this imputation of ignorance. And though

the

the vanquished never spake well of the Conquerour, yet euen thoose the vnfound cauilings of maledicious appeare thoose monuments of truth, as argue well their worth, and procures them not without iudgement, though without Greeke and Latine.

Will not experience confute vs, if we should say the State of *China*, which neuer heard of Anapestiques, Trochies, and Tribrachques, were grosse, barbarous, and vncivill? And is it not a most apparent ignorance, both of the succession of learning in *Europe*, & the generall course of things, *to say, that all lay perfectly deformed in these backe-learning times from the declining of the Romane Empire, till the light of the Latine tongue was restored by Reuchlin, Erasmus and Moore?* whom for three hundred yeares before them, about the comming downe of *Tamerlane* into *Europe*, *Francisco Petrarcha* (who then no doubt likewise found whom to imitate) shewed all the best notices of learning, in that degree of excellencie, both in Latine, Prose and Verse, and in the vulgar Italian, as all the wits of posteritie haue not yet much ouer-matched him in all kindes to this day: his great Volumes written in Morall Philosophie, shew his profound reading, and most happy power of disposition: his twelue Æglogues, his *Affrica* containing nine bookes of the last Punicke war, with his three bookes of Epistles in Latine verse, shew all the transformations of wit and inuention, that a spirit naturally borne to the inheritance of Poesie and Morall knowledge could expresse: All which notwithstanding wrought him more true glory and fame with his owne Nation, as did

his

his Poems in Italian; which they esteeme a-
bove all whatsoever wit could haue inuented
in any other tongue: then wherein is it; which
questionlesse they will not change with the best
numbers Greeke or Latine can shew them,
howsoeuer our Aduersary imagines.

Nor could this very same inuention in
verse, begun amongst them by G. Trissino, but
diuin Dante, and most learned Petrarch
it came home; neglected as a prodigious and
vnnatural thing amongst them: were it not
power inhere Vigil the Maister of Italie, to
write this admirable Poem of Seruius, com-
parable to the best of the Ancients, in any di-
uine learned tham the accustomed verse.

And with Petrarch lou'd his Scholler Boccace,
and neuer about the same time Salomon
Rauenspil, and some thrie; succeeded straight
Tritonio, Gentile to Iuuin Hild all these fa-
mous Italian Writers, Leonardo Aretino,
Laurentio Valla, Poggio, Blondo, with many
others. Then Emanuel Chrysoloras a Con-
stantinopolitan gentleman; renowned for his
learning and vertue, being employed by John
Paleologus Emperour of the East, to implore
the aide of Christian Princes, for the vnder-
ming of perishing Greece; and vnderstanding in
the meane time, how Barlaam was abroad in
Italie by Petrarches; and his countrey freed
from danger, stayed still at Venice, and there
taught the Greeke tongue, diligently Bo-
caccio, in that generation, some of them hundred
yeares.

Him followed Raffaelo, Georgy Trapezun-
tio, Theodore Gaza, and others, vnderstanding
Philosophy beamed yeare Turkes entred Greece

learn Christianisme. Heerunto come that ingenie confluence of Learning in these parts, which returning, doe retire, for publication, and here meeting them with the new invented stampe of Printing, setteth it selfe indeede in a more vniuersall sort then the world euer heretofore had it.

When Petrarche Laura, Ennae Syluius, de rebus Polonicis, Florentius Boetius, Iohannes Ioues de europhia, the miracle and Phœnix of the world, admired Italie, and enamoured other Nations likewise with this desire of glory, long before it brought forth, Ronsard, Bruslard, and Mayre, worthy men, I confesse, and that hath a great ornament to this land, and a Rymer [illegible]

Adelyce long before all these, and liueth with them, was not our Nation behinde in the possession of Ignie and worthinesse, but consorted with that best of all this learned worlde, venerable Bede, that flourished about a thousand yeares since; Aldelmus Dorcestrius charished in the yeare 720. of whom we finde this commendation regarded: Quantum Pontus sibi temperatus dedit primus, tantus eloquentiæ, mansuetus & sanctimoniæ humor, fons, ex uniquam sanctarum pectus vnde, &c. in eum barbara ut vidi cuncti fatentur eruditi, ut ipse ubi cunque solum sanctitatis, eloquentiæ rimatus, semper edidit cum conquestus de gallos consolatus, Whereto Iohannes Dunstan, who wrote de laudibus Virginis in Concellum ouum, and so many resembling Aristotles, as printing his works beyond the seas, they haue alluded it to Aristotles Nipse, one of the Ancients.

What should I name William Malmesbury, Guilielmus Nigellus, Gervasius Tilburiensis, Peckam, Barun,

Bacon, Sir Iohn, and an infinite Catalogue of excellent men, most of them living above fourre hundred yeeres since, and have left infinite them monuments of most profound iudgement and learning in all Sciences. So that it is but the clouds gathered about our own iudgement that makes vs think all other ages wrapt vp in mists, and the great distance betweene vs, that causes vs to imagine men so farre off to be so little in respect of our Sires.

Wee must not looke vpon the immense course of times past, as men ouerlooke spacious and wide countreys, from off high mountaines, and are neuer the neere to iudge of the true nature of the soile, or the particular sights and face of those countries they see. Nor must we thinke, viewing the superficiall figure of a region in a Map, that we know straight the fashion and place as it is; or reading an Historie (which is but a Map of men) and doth no otherwise acquaint vs with the true substance of circumstances, then a superficiall Card doth the Sea-man with a Coast neuer seene (which alwayes growes other to the eye then the imagination foreconceiues it) that presently we know all the world, and can skilfully iudge of times, men and manners, iust as they were.

When the best measure of man is to be taken by his owne size, bearing euer the neerest proportion to himselfe, and is neuer so farre different and vnequall in his powers, that hee hath all in perfection at one time, and excelling in nothing.

The distinction of gifts not vniuersall, and all seasons haue shewn in some sort. Wee must not thinke, but that there were learned Ages,

Cato's, and Pompey's, braue: oftentimes than in Rome, the rest of the world hath euer had them in the same degree of Nature, though not of State. And it is our weakneſſe that makes vs miſtake or miſconceiue in theſe delineations of men the true figure of their worth. And our paſſion and beleefe is ſo apt to leade vs beyond truth, that whileſt we vſe them by the laſt compaſſe of humanitie, and as they were men, we ſhal caſt their figures in the aire, when we ſhould make their models vpon earth. It is not the commaund of words, but the effects of action that giues glorie to the times: wee finde they had *Maecenaſes to follow*, though not in ſtyle; and in all ages, though they were not Ciceroniens, they knew the Arts of men, which onely is *Ars Artium*, the great gift of heauen, and the chiefe grace and glory on earth; they had the learning of gouernment, and ordering their State, eloquence enough to ſhew their iudgements; and it ſometimes the beſt times followed *Lycurgus* counſell; *Literas ad vſum fatuum diſcebant, reliqui enim diſciplinis erant, vt publica pauorum ne laberes perſeuerent*, &c. Had not vulcanized Rome layd the better foundation, & built the ſtronger frame of an admirable State, eloquence alone had confounded it vtterly, which was euer euen the way of all confuſion, the plaine courſe of diſſimulation in her greateſt skill: and though ſhe had not power to vnbo horſeſe, yet wrought ſhe ſo, that ſhe caſt horſeſe quite away from the glory of a Common-wealth, and fell vpon that ſtorme of State whereby ſhe ſteered and diſcerned of all other: and this ſtorme was there ſeene any ſhadow of publike

vnder

vnder her full Empyre: but the most horrible and grosse confusion that could be conceited, notwithstanding in stil endured, professing not onely a Monarchie, inclosed vp in her owne limits, but therewithall held vnder her obedience so many Nations so farre distant, so ill affected, so diuersely conditioned, and vniustly conquered, as it neuer to be attributed to any other fate but to the first frame of that Common-wealth, which was so strongly ioyned, and with such infinite combinations interlinck, as one nayle vp other euer held vp the maiesty thereof.

There is but one learning, which euery greater *balowe scripture in euerlasting sinne*, one and the selfe-same spirit that worketh in all. We haue but one bodie of Iustice, one bodie of Wisdome throwout the whole world, which is but apparelled according to the fashion of euery Nation.

Eloquence and gay wordes are not of the substance of wit, it is but the garnish of a nice time, the ornaments that doe but decke the house of a State, *& minister publicus morum*; Hunger is as well satisfied with meat serued in pewter as siluer. Discretion is the best measure, the rightest foote, in what part soeuer it run. *Erasmus*, *Reuclin*, and *Moore*, brought no more wisdome into the world with all their new reuiued words than we finde was before: it breed not a profounder Diuine than S. *Thomas*, a greater Lawyer than *Bartolus*, a more secure Logician than *Scotus*: nor are the effects of all this great amasse of eloquence, so admirable or of that consequence, but that *antepes illa antiquum* euer compare with it.

Let vs goe no further, but looke vpon the wonderfull Architecture of this State of England, and see whether they were deformed times that could giue it such a forme: where there is no one the least pillar of maiestie, but was set with most profound iudgement, and borne vp with the iust consequencie of Prince and people; no Court of Iustice, but layd by the rule and square of Nature, and the best of the best Common-wealths that euer were in the world: so strong and substantiall, as it hath stood against all the stormes of factions, both of beleefe and ambition, which so powerfully beat vpon it, and all the tempestuous alterations of humourous times whatsoeuer: being continually in all ages furnisht with spirits fit to maintaine the maiestie of her owne greatnesse, and to match in an equall concurrence all other kingdomes round about her, with whom it had to encounter.

But this inuention, like a Viper, must euer make way into the worlds opinion, through the bowels of her owne breeding, and is alwayes borne with reproach in her mouth; the disgracing others is the best grace it can put on, to win reputation of wit; and yet it is neuer so wise as it would seeme, nor doeth the world euer get so much by it as it imagineth; which being so often deceiued, and seeing it neuer performes so much as it promises, must thinke men should neuer giue more credit vnto it: for, let vs change neuer so often, we can not change man, our imperfections must still runne with vs: and therefore the wiser Nations haue taught men alwayes to vse, *Mundus legebatur profundus animis dormientibus sui.*

The

The Law-giuer sometime; when a thrifting thing to win himselfe credit by his inuention, and be before his fellowes, had added one string more to his Crowd, blame his diddle, and banished him the Citie, holding the Inuention, though in the kind things dangerous to a publicke Subiect. It is but a fantasticke pidlenesse to forsake the way of other men, especially where it lies vnbeaten: *Vitium est Reipublicæ, id sinere potius quam illum vos errare fugientem, sinere in malo.*

But shall wee not send to perfection? Yes, and that quite best by going on in the course we are in; where we haue aduantage, being so farre onward, of him that is but now setting forth. For wee shall neuer proceed, if we be euer beginning, nor arriue at any certaine port, sitting with all winden that blow: *Nam certum ligere placet quo ferat nauigium*, and therefore let vs bidde on in the course we haue vndertaken, and not still be wauering. Prudence is not the portion of many; and if it were, why may wee not as well get in it this way as another, and suspect these great vndertakers, lest they haue conspired with enuie to betray our proceedings, and put vs by that honour of our attempts, with calling vs backe vpon another course, of purpose to ouerthrow the whole allow of glory when we lay the faithfull for it, and seeke to crosse our hopes? I thanke God that I am none of their great Scholers, if thus their high knowledges doe but giue them more eyes to looke out into vncertainty and confusion, accounting my little rather beholding to mine ignorance, that hath let me in so lowe an vnder-groue of certaine with other

rests, and hath giuen me as much diſtaſt, as it hath done hope, daring not aduenture to go abroad, but plodding on the plaine truth I finde be seen by Cuſtome and the Time, conuerſing not with wits I ſee in vſe.

And ſurely me thinks theſe great wits ſhould rather ſtoke to aduance, than to diſgrace the preſent, being ſomething to it, without taking from it what it hath. But it is euer the miſerie of Learning to be wounded by her owne hand. *Sanandi dat omnia vitium*, and when there is not abilitie to match what is, malice will finde out engins, either to diſgrace or miſlike it, with a peeuiſh encounter of ſome new Inuention, and which is the greateſt miſerie, it muſt euer proceed from the powers of the beſt reputation, as if the greateſt ſpirits were ordained to indanger the world, as the groſſe are to diſcouer it; and that we were to expect *ab optimis periculum, à peſſimis dedecus publicum*. Hereby is the ſtrongeſt paſſe that beats in high attempts in eſſay times a winde, but of the worſt effect: for whileſt the foole comes diſappointed of the obiect it wrought on, it preſently forges another, and euen cozens it ſelfe, and croſſe all the world, rather than it will ſtay to be vnder her deſires, falling out with all it hath, to flatter and make faire that which it would haue.

So that it is the ill ſucceſſe of our longings that with *Xerxes* makes vs to whip the ſea, and ſend a carrell of defiance to mount *Athos*: and the fault layed vpon others weakneſſe, is but a preſumptuous opinion of our owne ſtrength, who muſt not ſeeme to be maſtered. But had our Aduerſarie taught vs by his owne

proceedings this way of prosodians, and therein fram'd vs a Poeme of that excellencie, as should haue put downe all, and been the master-peece of these times, were it should all haue admired him: but to deprane the perfect forme of writing, and to bring vs nothing but a few loose and vncharitable Epigrammes, and yet would make vs beleeue those numbers were come to raise the glorie of our language, giueth vs cause to suspect the performance, and to examine whether this new Art *constet sibi*, or, *aliquid sit dissimile quod non sit dissimile pribi.*

First we must heere imitate the Greeks and Latines, and yet we are heere shewed to disobey them, euen in their owne numbers and quantities; taught to produce what they make short, and make short what they produce; made beleeue to be shewed measures in that forme we haue not seene, and to such measure; wilde that heere is the perfect Arte of versifying, which in conclusion is yet confessed to be vnperfect, as if our admiratie to be opposite to vs, were become vnfaithfull to himselfe, and seeking to leade vs out of the way of reputation, hath adumbred so intricate and confound him in his owne courses, running vpon most vncertaine grounds, with imperfect rules, weake proofs, & vnlawfull lawes: whereunto the world, I am perswaded, is not so vnreasonable as to subscribe, considering the vniuſt authoritie of the Law-giuer: for, who hath constituted him to be the Reformer, thus to torture syllables, and adiudge them their perpetuall doome, seuring his *Tetus* or marke of condemnation vpon them, so

endure the appointed sentence of his enabling, he shall dispose? as though there were that obedience in our words, as they would not be ruled, or stand in order, without so many intricate lawes, which would argue a great peeuishnesse amongst them, according to that, *in pessima republica plurimæ leges*: or that they were so farre gone from the quiet freedome of Nature, that they must thus be brought backe againe by force. And now in what case were this poore state of words, if in like sort another tyrant the next yeere should arise and abrogate these lawes, and ordaine others cleane contrary, according to his humour, and fly, that they were only right, the others vniust? What disturbance were there heere? to whom should we obey? Were it not far better to holde vs fast to our olde custome, than to stand thus distracted with vncertaine lawes, wherein right shall haue as many faces as it pleases Fashion to make it, that whersoeuer mens affections stand, it shall still looke that way? What warres doth our vnconstant custome call vp to contend for? What colours are there layd vpon indifferent things to make them seeme other than they are? as if it were but onely to entertaine contestation amongst men, who standing according to the prospective of their owne humour, seeme to see the selfe same things to appeare otherwise to them than either they do to other, or are indeed in themselues, being but all one in nature. For what adoe haue we heere? what strange precepts of Arte about the framing of an Iambique verse in our language? which when all is done, reaches not by a foot, but falleth one

to

to be the plaine auncient verse. Vanishing about
fy Hobbes or the first, which hath euer been
vsed amongst vs since our memorie. And for
all this cauilling and cauterie, neuer can or
will he any other in measure shall it hath been
euer heretofore: and this new Deuise is but
the halfe of this verse diuided in two, and no
other than the Cæsura or breathing place in
the middeſt thereof, wherefore it had been
as good to haue put no distaunce at all, but only
to make them seeme shorter. Play it hath been
much beter for the true English reading and
pronouncing thereof without violating the
accent, which now our adventerous hath learne
most vnkindly done: for, being as we are vs
ſtuned it, accuſtomed to our English maner, we
muſt make it reſt, and rule the laſt ſyllable,
which falles our very vnnaturall in Diuiſion,
Fauorit, Abigeal, Prodigal, and in all the
reſt ſinking the Monoſyllables. Thus followes
the Engliſh Tradition, which is dyd or by a
ſimple verſe, and ſo indeed it is by being without
Ryme; hauing howe no other grace than that
in ſound it rumors like the knowen meaſure of
our former auncient Verſe, coming (or we cannot
it according to the French) in a kinde of
ſhuing that it is ſhorter by one ſyllable at the
beginning, which is not much miſſed, by reaſon
him it falles full on the laſt.

Next comes the Elegiack, being the ſame
kinde, and that likewiſe in meaſure then our
accuſtomed meaſure of ſhorter: if there be a-
ny diſtaunce, it muſt be made by the muſicke
and there we muſt ſtand bound to ſay where
often wee would not, and ſometimes ſtaye
breake the accent, or the due ſweete of the

word.

words. And now for the other foure kinds of numbers, which are to be imployed for Odes; they are either of the same we plant, or such as have quite become familiarly vsed amongst vs. So that of all these eight severall kinds of new promised numbers, you see what we haue. Only what was our owne before, and the same but apparelled in forreigne Titles; which had they come in their kinds and naturall suites of Ryme, we should never have suspected that they had affected to be other, or sought to be preferred vnto strange masters, which now we see was the cause why they were turned out of their proper habits, and brought in as Aliens, only to seduce men to admire them as forreeuers. But for the power of nature, it is not all the artificiall cunnings of wit that can hide their native and original condition, which how in our choyce she hath brought hands of other Nations, and will be in little to Singularity what it can. And as for those imagined quantities of syllables, of which haue learne euer held fast and indifferent in our language, who can informe vs to any sure knowledge of them, being in mother words certain, and euery Syllable to no forreigner question? especially in such a case where there is no necessitie in nature, or that it import vs either the manner or forme, whether it be so, or otherwise. But euery Versifier that will obserue his worke, finding in our language, without all these vaine ordinary precepts, what number hath fit the nature of her Idiom, and the proper places destined to such accents as she will not be wrought into any other measures than those for which they were borne. As for example, you can not make this fall into

the

the eight sound of a verse.

Now think your selues mocked worthy Mr. worth, vnlesse you shew mislyke the accent vpon *Rimbed and Verse*, contrary to the nature of theſe words: which ſheweth that two feminine numbers (or Trochees, if ſo you will call them) will not ſucceed in the third and fourth place of the verſe. And ſo likewiſe in this caſe, *Though death doth confound yet virtue preſerues*, it will not be a verſe, though it hath the iuſt ſyllables, without the ſame number in the ſecond, and the altering of the fourth place in this ſort:

Though death doth ruine, virtue yet preſerues.

Againe, who knowes not that wee can not kindly aſſigne a feminine number with a maſculine Rythe, or (if you will ſo terme it) a *Trochei* with a *Spondæ*, as *Wiſedom* with *Conſtancie*, *Nature* and *Indure*, only for that thereby wee ſhall wrong the accent, the chiefe Lord and graue Gouernour of Numbers. Alſo you can not in a verſe of foure feet place a *Trochei* in the firſt, without the like offence, as, *Teares are of his mercy Cold*: but ſo you ſhall ſpoyle a *Trochei*, which is vnnaturall. And other ſuch like obſeruations vſually occure, which Nature and a iudiciall care of themſelues teach vs readily to auoid.

But now for whom hath our Aduerſary taken all this paines? For the learned, or for the ignorant, or for himſelfe, to ſhew his owne ſkill? If for the learned, it was to no purpoſe, for euery Grammarian in this land hath learned this Profeſſe, and already knowes all this Art of numbers: if for the ignorant, how vnfit for if they become Verſifiers, were we like to

haue

haue leane numbers, in stead of fat Rymes? and if *Tullie* would haue his Orator skill'd in all the knowledges appertaining to God and man; what should they haue, who would be a degree about Orators? Why then it was to shew his owne skill, and what himselfe had obserued: So he might well haue done, without doing wrong to the honor of the dead, wrong to the time of the liuing, and wrong to *England*, in seeking to lay reproch vpon her naturall ornaments, and to turne the faire streame and full course of her accents, into the shallow current of a loose vncertainty, cleane out of the way of her knowen delights. And I had thought it could neuer haue proceeded from the pen of a Scholar (who sees no profession free from the impure mouth of the Stomes) to say the reproch of others idle tongues is the curse of Nature vpon vs, when it is rather her curse vpon him, that knowes not how to vse his tongue. What, doth he thinke himselfe is now growne so fayre out of the way of contempt, that his numbers are gone beyond the reach of obloquie, and that how friuolous or idle soeuer they shall runne, they shall be preserued from disgrace? as though that light Rymes & light numbers did not weigh all alike in the graue opinion of the wise; and that it is not Ryme, but our idle Arguments that hath brought downe so to base a reckoning the price and estimation of writing in this kind; when the few good things of this age, by running together in one throng and presse with the many bad, are not discerned from them, but ouer-look'd with them, and all taken to be alike. But when after-times shall make a quest of Inqui-

sition,

rie, to examine the best of this Age, peradventure there will be found in the new-coyned Records of Rymes, matter not vnworthy the gravest Diuine and learnedst Lawyer in this Kingdome. But these things must haue the date of Antiquitie to make them reuerend and authenticall: for euer in the collations of Writers, men rather weigh their age than their merit, *& legum priscas cum reuerentia, quamuis rarissimas non possunt fere iam die.* And let no Writer in Rymes be any way discouraged in his endeuour by this brasse all-arme, but rather animated to bring vp all the best of their powers, and charge withall the strength of Nature and Industrie vpon contempt, that the force of their vtmost forces may turne backe inhabilitie into her owne holde. For, be sure, that inuention neuer works any ouerthrow, but vpon the aduantage of a careleſſe idlenesse. And let this make vs looke the better to our feet, the better to our matter, better to our manners. Let the Aduersarie that thought to hurt vs, bring more profit and honor, by being against vs, than if he had stood still on our side. For that (next to the awe of heauen) the best reine, the strongest hand to make men keepe their way, is that which their enemy beares vpon them: and let this be the benefit we make by being oppugned, and the meanes to redeeme backe the good opinion vanitie and idlenesse haue suffered to be won from vs; which, nothing but substance and matter can effect. For, *Sensibus nulli figura ab & principium & finis.*

simplicia longè pulchra sunt omnia.

When we heare Musicke, we muſt be in our eare, in the verie roome of sense, but when we entertaine iudgement, we retire into the cabi-

net

nest and innermost withdrawing chamber of the soule: And it is but as Musick for the eare, *Verba sequi fidibus modulanda Latinis.*
but it is a worke of power for the soule,
Nam versus quos si quis ediscere vitæ.

The most iudiciall and worthy spirits of this land are not so delicate, or will owe so much to their eare, as to rest vpon the out-side of words, and be entertained with sound; seeing that both Number, Measure, and Ryme, is but as the ground or seate, whereupon is raised the worke that commends it, and which may be easilie at the first found out by any shallow conceit: as we see some fantasticke to begin a fashion, which afterward grauitie it selfe is faine to put on, because it will not be out of the weare of other men, and *Recti apud nos locum tenet error vbi publicum factum est.* And power and strength that can plant it selfe any where, hauing built within this compasse, and rear'd it of so high a respect, wee now embrace it as the fittest dwelling for our inuention, and haue thereon bestowed all the substance of our vnderstanding to furnish it as it is. And therefore heere I stand foorth, only to make good the place wee haue thus taken vp, and to defend the sacred monuments erected therein, which containe the honour of the dead, the fame of the liuing, the glory of peace, and the best power of our speech, and wherein so many honourable spirits haue sacrificed to Memorie their dearest passions, shewing by what diuine influence they haue become mooued, and vnder what flames they liued.

But yet now notwithstanding all this which I haue here deliuered in the defence of Ryme,

I am not so farre in love with mine owne opinions, or will seeme so frowarde, as to be against the reformation and the better setting those measures of ours: wherein there bee manie things I could wish were more exactlie and better ordered, though my selfe dare not take upon me to be a Teacher therein, having so much need to learne of others. And I must confesse, that to mine owne eare, those continuall cadences of couplets vsed in long and coniugated Poems, are verie tiresome and vnpleasing, by reason that still me thinks they run on, with a sound of one nature, and a kinde of certainty which stuffes the delight rather than entertaines it. But yet notwithstanding I will not out of mine owne daintinesse condemne this kinde of writing, which peradventure to another may seeme most delightfull: and many worthy compositions we see to have passed with commendation in that kind. Besides, me thinks sometimes to beguile the eare with a running out and passing over the Ryme, as no bound to stay vs in that line where the violence of the matter will breake thorow, is rather graceful than otherwise: wherein I finde my *Homer-Lucan*, as if hee gloried to seeme to have no bounds, albeit he were confined within his measures, to be in my conceit most happie: For so thereby, they who care not for Verse or Ryme may passe it over with taking notice thereof, and please themselues with a well-measured Prose. And I must confesse, my Aduersaries haue wrought this much vpon mee, that I thinke a Tragedie would indeed best comport with a blanckt Verse, and dispense with Ryme, fauing in the Chorus, or where a sentence

B2

sentence shall require a couplet. And so to avoid this euer-glauncing the eare with that alwayes correcting, and full inconstancy of Ryme, I haue adioyn'd in some of my Epistles to alter the vsuall place of meeting, and so farre further off by one Verse, as wee know how I could if like mine owne eare, and so ease it of this continuall burden, which indeed seemes to surcharge it a little too much; but as yet I can not come to please my selfe therein, this alternate or croste Ryme holding still the best place in my affection.

Besides, to me this change of number in a Poem of one nature fits not so well, as to mix vncertainly feminine Rymes with masculine; which, euer since I was warned of that defect amisse by my kinde friend and countrey-man *M. Hugh Samford*, I haue alwayes so auoided it, as there are not aboue two couplets in that kinde in all my Poem of the Ciuil warres: and I would willingly, if I could, haue altered it in all the rest, holding feminine Rymes to be fittest for Diuises, and either to be set certaine, or els by themselues. But in these things, I say I dare not take vpon mee to teach that they ought to be so, or that I thinke is right; for indeed there is no right in these things that are continuallie in a wauering motion, caried with the violence of our vncertaine likings, being but onely the time that giues them their power. For if this right or truth should be no other thing than that we make it, wee shall runne into a thousand figures, seeing this exact-best Painter, Man, can so well lay the colours which himselfe grindes in his owne affections,

as their lues will make them strue for any shadow and any countersise. But the greatest hinderer to our proceedings, and the reformation of our errours, is this false loue, wherewith we Versifiers are euer possed to be effectually subiect; a disease of all other the most dangerous and incurable, being euer ioyned in the Iudge, for which there is no cure, but only by a Spirituall remedie. *Medici pares, ad sapientiam parum, nisi pauciores sit prorsus sit*: and this opinion of our sufficiencie makes so great a cracke in our iudgements, as it will hardly euer hold any thing of worth, *Cuius amor sui*, and though it would flowte vs for all without it, yet certainly it dulleth much within: for there is not the simplest Writer that will euer tell himselfe he doth ill, but as if hee were the Paralite onely to flooth his owne doings, perswades him that his lines can not but please others, which so much delight himselfe:

Sufficit ei quisq; sibi — sua idem suspexit.
Atque ofi beatus, ac paene cum stolide,
Tam gaudet in se tamque se ipse miratur.

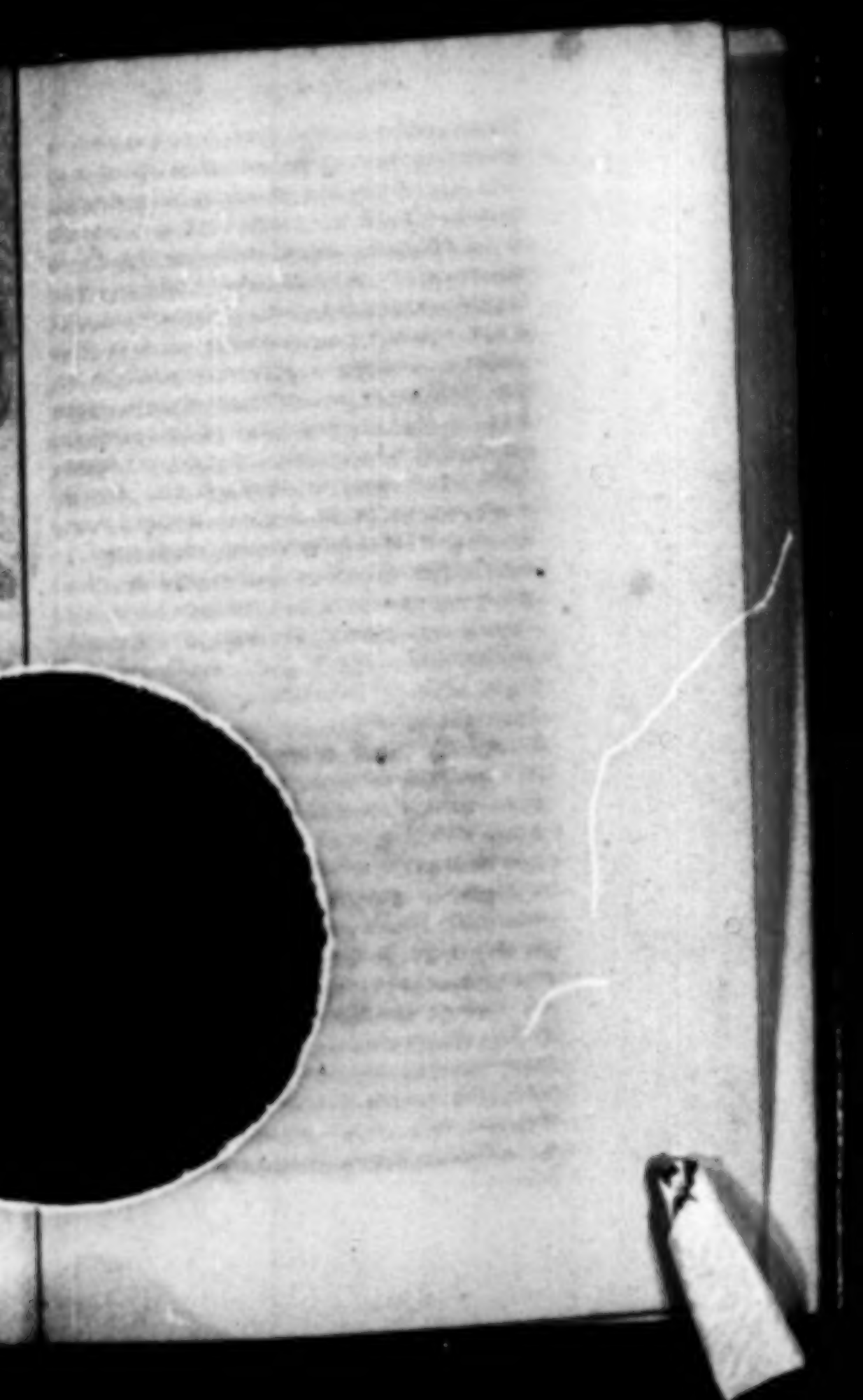
And the more to shew that he is so, wee shall see him euermore in all places, and to all persons repeating his owne compositions: and

Quem vero arripuit, tenet occidit legendo.

Next to this deformitie stands our affectation, wherein we alwayes bewray our selues to be both vnlearn'd and vnnaturall to our owne native language, in affecting or forging strange or vnvsuall words, as if it were to make our Verse seeme another kinde of speech out of the course of our vsuall practise, displeasing our readers, or trauelling new, openly vpon a singularitie; when our owne accustomed

phrase,

FINIS



phrase, for in the first place, would expresse no more fame, witty and solemne delight than all this idle affectation of antiquitie or practise can euer do. And I can but wonder at the strange presumptions of some men, that dare so audaciously obtrude to introduce whatsoeuer forren words, be they neuer so fit, and of themselues, as it were, without Parliament, without any consent or allowance, stablish them as free-denizens in our language. But this is but a character of that peaceable resolution which wee (let us be in all things that neuer-perishing one) haue: and we will heere a be content to silence our studie in the behalf of time, which in few yeeres will make all that for which wee now con-

tend, nothing.

FINIS.